

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW



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Devoted to Russia
Past and Present*

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THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

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The aim of "The Russian Review" is to present a non-partisan interpretation of Russian history, civilization, and culture. The Review invites contributions by authors of divergent views, but the opinions expressed in any individual article in this journal are not necessarily those of the editors.

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Lenin: Prophet of World Revolution from the East

BY STANLEY W. PAGE

PERHAPS the most momentous phenomenon of the twentieth century is the dynamic awakening of Asia. If at this moment Russia appears as the prime menace to Western civilization, it is largely because she has managed to assume hegemony in the underfed Asiatic half of the world, which is presently rising up to claim its portion of the fruits of this planet. One of the earliest prophets of Asia in revolt was Lenin. Throughout most of his life he confidently expected a world revolution born in the West, as originally predicted by Marx. But the logic of overpowering circumstance forced Lenin, just prior to his death, to admit that the world revolution would emerge from the East.

In 1902 Lenin wrote that Russia would be the initial point of world upheaval. The proletarian-led overthrow of the Tsar, he claimed, would set in revolutionary motion not only the working classes of the Western nations but also the peoples of Asia.¹ What impelled the hard-headed Lenin to cast the Russian proletariat in so grandiose an international rôle? Essentially it was the realization that even if the proletariat of Russia led a successful revolution against the autocracy and then seized power, it could not bring socialism to agrarian Russia. If the proletarian party could not possibly produce a socialist society, then what claim did it, or its self-appointed leader, Lenin, have to inclusion in the ranks of the Marxists? Lenin discovered the Russian proletarian party's Marxist reason for existence in the Western revolution, for which Russia would be the beacon. The victorious Western proletariat would then turn to Russia and help build up her industry and technology, thus paving the way for socialism in Russia.² In 1902 Lenin, to all

¹Lenin, *Sochineniya*, Moscow, 1931, 2nd edition, v. IV, p. 382. "History has now placed before us an immediate task which is far more revolutionary than the immediate tasks of the proletariat of any other country. The completion of this task, the destruction of the strongest bulwark of European, and we may even say Asiatic, reaction would make of the Russian proletariat the vanguard of the international proletarian revolution."

²S. W. Page, "The Russian Proletariat and World Revolution: Lenin's Views to 1914," *The American Slavic and East European Review*, February, 1951, pp. 2-3.

appearances, included the Asiatic revolution in his thinking for good measure. At the time he considered it the less important part of his famous prophecy, but it turned out to be of greater consequence than his speculations on the Western revolution.

Despite the failure of the parties of the working class to achieve their goals in the Russian Revolution of 1905, Lenin claimed or inferred on numerous later occasions that 1905 had inspired a chain reaction of revolutionary incidents affecting almost every corner of Asia.³ In October of 1908, commenting on the Young Turk revolt and the concomitant risings in Azerbaidjan, Lenin wrote that the "awakening to political life of the Asiatic peoples received special impetus from the Russo-Japanese War and the Russian Revolution [of 1905]."⁴ In his comment of subsequent years on Asiatic revolt, Lenin omitted all reference to the Japanese victory (probably because this would have weakened his argument regarding the effect of the Russian Revolution) and, simultaneously, stressed his estimate of the impact of 1905 upon Asia.

A very good case could be drawn up to prove that the original irritants of the Russian Revolution and the Asiatic revolutionary movements were such Western stimuli as nationalism and the industrial revolution. Nevertheless, during the years following 1905, Lenin, unlike other Marxists, took an almost proprietary interest in anything resembling popular insurgence in Asia, allowing few incidents to pass without exhaustive comment. Usually Lenin spoke encouragingly of these movements and attempted to link them in some way with the concept of world revolution.⁵

³In *Pravda*, No. 103, May, 1913, he wrote, "Following upon the Russian movement of 1905, the democratic revolution seized all Asia—Turkey, Persia, China. There is growing fermentation in British India. It is interesting that the revolutionary-democratic movement has presently also reached the Dutch Indies, the island of Java and other colonies of Holland, having a population of 40 million people." Lenin, *Sobranie Sochinenii*, Moscow, 1923, 1st edition, v. XIX, p. 25. See also *Leninski Sbornik*, ed. L. B. Kamenev, Moscow, 1926, v. V., pp. 48-50, citing a speech by Lenin in Zürich, January, 1917. "[The Revolution of 1905] . . . not only achieved the awakening of the largest and most backward country of Europe . . . it also brought all of Asia into movement. The revolutions in Turkey, Persia, and China proved that the mighty upheaval of 1905 left deep traces and that its effect, as seen in the progress of hundreds of millions of people cannot be erased."

⁴Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 1st edition, v. IX, Part I, p. 138.

⁵At the Bolshevik Congress of January, 1912, Lenin proposed a resolution greeting the revolutionary republicans of China. "The Chinese Revolution," he said, "is, from our point of view, an event of world importance toward achieving the liberation of Asia and the overthrow of European mastery." Cf. Lenin, *Sochineniya*,

Why should Lenin, Marxist that he was, have taken such note of democratic stirrings in Asia? Essentially this was part and parcel of his campaign to demonstrate that even if the proletarian-led Revolution of 1905 had not overthrown the Tsar, it had still succeeded, for it established the correct pattern for the next revolution. Among other things, it had, in the Moscow insurrection of December, provided the first modern example of militant working-class martyrdom since the Paris Commune.⁶ Besides this, said Lenin in effect as he pointed to Asia, the Revolution of 1905 had given the predicted impulsion to world revolution. It was all the more necessary for Lenin to stress the Asiatic revolutions, since the Western proletariat, which Lenin had relied upon to bring socialism to Russia, had remained all too unresponsive to the events of 1905 in Russia.⁷

At the same time, due credit must be given Lenin as the sole Marxist of his day to regard the Asiatic masses as desirous of rights very similar to those demanded by underprivileged members of Western society, and to recognize their potentialities for popular revolution. This fact demands closer attention. Marxist though he was, Lenin was also a Russian. The Russians, whose country straddles Europe and Asia, have always understood the Asiatic mind better than have the Westerners. In addition to this, Lenin was a Marxist in a land of peasants.⁸ Since he desired violent overthrow of the Russian government, he had to concede the importance, however secondary in terms of leadership, of the revolutionary force of an aroused peasantry. It was Lenin who in 1905 first advanced the thesis, so alien to orthodox Marxism and to Trotsky, that the Russian revolution could be won only by a peasant-proletariat alliance.

1st edition, v. XIX, p. 252. A similar resolution expressed full sympathy with the Persian people, struggling against the "robber policy of Russia" and, in particular, with the Social-Democratic Party of Persia.

⁶Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 2nd edition, v. XII, p. 213. "... The workers' party sees in the direct revolutionary fight of the masses, in the October and December struggles of the year 1905, the greatest movement of the proletariat since the Commune . . . only in the development of such forms of struggle rests the pledge of future revolutionary successes . . . these forms of battle must serve us as guide lights in the business of educating new generations of fighters."

⁷Lenin did try to show that 1905 had affected Western Europe. However, the sole instances of evidence he could muster to prove his point were the victory of the universal suffrage movement in Austria, street demonstrations in Vienna and Prague around November 1, 1905 (*Cf. Leninskii Sbornik*, v. V. pp. 48-50) and the fact that Kautsky had hailed the Bolshevik-led Moscow uprising of December, 1905 as a success for having held out for a week against regular militia. Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 2nd edition, v. XII, pp. 211-213.

The inference here is that Lenin, unable to conceive of a revolution in Russia without participation of the peasants, by the same token, sensed the revolutionary potential of the Asiatic countries. Although these lands possessed virtually no industrial proletariat, they were actually not far behind Russia, whose industrial revolution, even by 1917, was still in its infancy.

It was the Chinese movement which interested Lenin the most—and for good reasons. The Chinese Revolution, as Lenin saw it, was, in many of its facets, the Russian Revolution of 1905 transplanted to the land of the Manchus. China's upheaval was not proletarian led, it was true; China had no industry. But the Revolution of 1911 succeeded, where the Russian masses had failed, in overthrowing the monarchy through a collaboration of bourgeois liberals and peasants. As Lenin pointed out in 1912, "Chinese freedom was won by a union of peasant democracy and bourgeois liberalism. Whether the peasants, not led by a proletarian party, would be able to support their democratic position against the liberals, who await only the appropriate moment to turn to the right, remains to be seen."⁹

In the Chinese movement, Lenin reserved special esteem for the Nationalist Kuomintang Party, headed by Sun-Yat-Sen. This party Lenin regarded as analogous to the *Narodniki*, revolutionaries of the corresponding historical period in Russia, who dreamed that their motherland might skip the capitalist way-station on her road to socialism.¹⁰ It seems evident from this that Lenin was further interested in Asia because in those retrograde areas of the world he perceived laboratory conditions directly applicable to the Russian agrarian scene and hence worth studying. From the political standpoint, the parallels drawn by Lenin between Russian and Asiatic revolution might instill optimism among the Bolshevik following, downcast as it was by the lack of revolutionary reverberations of 1905 in Europe.

The marked social and political ferment in pre-1914 Asia contrasted so sharply with pre-war Europe that Lenin, disquieted perhaps, found himself constrained, in May, 1913, to write an article in *Pravda* entitled "Backward Europe and Progressive Asia."¹¹

⁹For a revealing comment upon Lenin not only as a Russian but as a person resembling the Russian peasant in his mannerisms and way of thinking, see L. Trotsky, "The Russian in Lenin," *Current History*, March, 1924, pp. 1024-1026.

¹⁰Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 1st edition, v. XIX, p. 22.

¹¹A. E. Khorov, "Lenin i natsionalnyi vopros," *Lenin i Vostok, Sbornik Statei*, 2nd edition, Moscow, 1925, p. 42.

¹²Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 1st edition, v. XIX, pp. 30-31.

In Asia, everywhere, he wrote, "the mighty democratic movement grows, spreads, and strengthens itself. [In Asia] the bourgeoisie still moves with the people against the feudal reaction. [National independence or unity not having been achieved by Asiatic countries, the bourgeoisie, from the Marxist viewpoint, still played a constructive role.] Hundreds of millions of people are there awakening to life, to light, to freedom. What joy this world movement evokes in the hearts of all conscientious workers, knowing that the path to collectivism lies through democracy—with what feelings of sympathy for young Asia are all honest democrats filled.

But . . . progressive Europe [this reference to the European bourgeoisie was meant sarcastically] robs China and helps the enemies of democracy, the enemies of freedom in China. All those who rule Europe, the entire bourgeoisie, are united with all the forces of reaction and feudalism [medievalism] in China.

However, all of young Asia, *i.e.*, the hundreds of millions of toilers of Asia, have a trustworthy ally in the person of the proletariat of all the civilized countries. No power on earth can prevent their victory, which will liberate not only the peoples of Europe [and Russia] but also the peoples of Asia.

Whatever the dormant nature of the Western proletariat, and in 1905 Lenin attributed it to exhaustion from the long struggle against bourgeois reaction,¹² the power and the will to revolt was inherent in it. The West, as Marx had proven, was going to do the really heavy work of the world revolution and would save the Asiatics from the Western bourgeoisie and their reactionary allies. The spark of 1905 had seemingly failed to detonate the powder magazine. A bigger spark was nascent as 1914 approached.

When World War I broke out, Lenin believed that capitalism's hour of doom had struck. He expected that the socialist parties of each country would seize the opportunity afforded by the arming of the working class and instruct their faithful flocks to turn their weapons against their own governments instead of those of their supposed enemies. Civil strife everywhere instead of international imperialist war would be the result. This would bring about the world revolution and the unity of the proletariat called for by the Communist Manifesto. But Lenin was doomed to disappointment. The socialists of the various countries chose to rally to their national banners rather than fight against them.

In 1916, Lenin, pacing restlessly in Swiss exile and impatiently awaiting the revolution which should have been breaking in war-torn Western Europe, wrote his well-known work, *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*. This pamphlet, composed between January and July of 1916, coincident with the dialectical squabbles surrounding the Kienthal Conference held on April 24, was intended

¹²Lenin *Sochineniya*, 2nd edition, v. VII, p. 191, pp. 297-298.

to prove beyond question that imperialist wars were inevitable outgrowths of capitalism. Therefore, to end such wars, no compromise with capitalism was permissible on the part of the working-class leaders. That is to say, the left socialist movement must contemplate no peace based upon the continuing existence of bourgeois governments.¹³ This would be foolish in any case, since, as Lenin's work explained, imperialism as the dying phase of capitalism was also the prelude to world revolution.

"The tens of millions of dead and maimed left by the 'war,' " wrote Lenin in the preface to the French edition of his book, ". . . open the eyes of the tens of millions of people who are downtrodden, oppressed . . . and duped by the bourgeoisie, with unprecedented rapidity. Thus out of the universal ruin caused by a war, a worldwide revolutionary crisis is arising which . . . cannot end in any other way than in a proletarian revolution and its victory."¹⁴

Having proved the revolution imminent, Lenin had to explain what still supported the rotten house of capitalism. This survived, he postulated, because of the "enormous super-profits" gained by plundering the whole world. These made it possible for the imperialists "to bribe the labor leaders and the upper stratum of the labor aristocracy. . . . This stratum of workers become bourgeoisie . . . who are quite philistine in their mode of life, in the size of their earnings and in their outlook, serves as the principal prop of the Second International, and, in our days, the principal social (not military) *prop of the bourgeoisie*."¹⁵ According to Lenin, then, world revolution was just below the horizon, though temporarily delayed by the treacherous leaders of the Second International. However, Lenin hopefully pointed to the diminished possibility that labor would attain its ends through "opportunistic" methods. In England,

¹³In an article published in the Bolshevik paper *Sotsial-Demokrat* on March 25, 1916, Lenin declared, "Our 'peace program' should consist finally in explaining that neither the imperialist powers nor the imperialist bourgeoisie are capable of achieving a democratic peace. This peace must be sought and striven for—*ahead of us*, in the socialist revolution of the proletariat, and not *behind us* in the reactionary utopia of non-imperialist capitalism. Not one fundamental democratic demand can be realized in the advanced imperialist states to any extent of breadth and firmness, except *through* revolutionary battles under the banner of socialism. Whoever promises the peoples a 'democratic' peace and does not at the same time preach a socialist revolution, whoever denies the struggle for that revolution now—in this war—deceives the proletariat." Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 2nd edition, v. XIX, pp. 49-54.

¹⁴Lenin, *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, New York, 1939, p. 11.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 13-14.

for instance, competition from other countries had, in the last decades, greatly lessened the super-profits of English capitalism.¹⁶

Lenin held out one prospect for the future. Even if no important revolutionary events were forthcoming from the European war, he stressed, there was that long-range Achilles heel of capitalism, the effects of imperialism upon the subject peoples of the world's colonies. Lenin, here citing R. Hilferding's *Das Finanzkapital* verbatim, shows how imperialism was creating conditions dangerous to itself in a colonial world awakening to national consciousness. In addition to providing the colonial peoples with a rallying point for their xenophobia, imperialism also gave them means and resources (industry, training in modern warfare) for the achievement of the national state as a means to economic and cultural freedom.¹⁷ Having secured these ends, they could take up the anti-imperialist struggle. This last point Lenin hardly intended as anything for Bolsheviks to rely upon. It emerges in his treatise as a bare whisper,¹⁸ perhaps as a final justification of the correctness of Marxist thought, even if all else should fail for the time being. Whatever its soundness, Lenin could not have wished to stress it. The correct Marxist-Bolshevik view, as he saw it, was the expectation of more or less imminent revolution in the West.¹⁹

All thought of Asia was pretty well shelved after the abdication of Nicholas II in March, 1917. Here indeed was the moment Lenin had dreamed of in 1902. Lenin returned to Russia on April 16 to take over active leadership of the Bolsheviks. He advanced the claim that the proletariat, in line with his prophecies of 1902-1905, had assumed the guiding rôle in the overthrow of the autocracy. This point was, at best, highly contestable.²⁰ But if Lenin, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, could convince himself of the fact that his early prognostication had been brilliantly fulfilled, then it was surely no task for him to foresee the materialization of

¹⁶*Ibid.*, p. 108.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 121.

¹⁸In a much later Bolshevik version, interestingly enough, this idea is listed among the cardinal doctrines expressed by Lenin in his *Imperialism*. See *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks), Short Course*, New York, 1939, p. 168.

¹⁹According to Krupskaya, during the last months of 1916 and the early months of 1917 "[Lenin] was profoundly convinced that the revolution was approaching." N. K. Krupskaya, *Memories of Lenin*, New York, 1930-1933, 2 vols., v. II, p. 197.

²⁰See S. W. Page, "The Rôle of the Proletariat in March, 1917: Contradictions Within the Official Bolshevik Version," *Russian Review*, April, 1950, pp. 146-149.

the next step in the prophecy—proletarian revolution in the West, sparked by proletarian-led overthrow of the monarchy in Russia.

In 1905, Lenin had disagreed with Trotsky over the manner in which a revolutionary government, once it had seized power, ought to behave with respect to world revolution. Lenin held that the overthrow of the monarchy and the bourgeoisie, by virtue of the proletarian-led peasant-proletarian alliance, was all that could be expected of the Russian Revolution. The task of the revolutionary republic, as Lenin saw it, would then be to hold power until the European revolution, incited by that of Russia, took form. The European cataclysm thus unleashed would then rescue the Russian Revolution, while bringing into Russia the technology needed to make Russia socialist. Trotsky had contended that the numerically predominant peasantry, ridden as it was with bourgeois leanings, could not be relied upon as an ally of the proletariat. The revolutionary forces, once the reins of power were theirs, must actively join the proletariat of Europe in bringing on the revolution. Only an immediately following European revolution, Trotsky believed, could save Russia from counter-revolution aided by outside intervention.

In the summer of 1917, in view of the European war which, after the March revolution, was expected to evoke imminent revolutionary developments, Lenin considered Trotsky's scheme more timely than his own. Consequently, he formed an ideological compact with Trotsky. Once the Bolsheviks had seized power, he virtually abandoned his earlier idea of the proletarian-peasant republic in favor of a dictatorship of the proletariat (his concept of it, at any rate) and proceeded soon after the defeat of Germany to plunge himself and his exhausted forces into the task of bringing Bolshevik order out of the chaos then existing in Central Europe. The Third, or Communist International, called to life by the Bolsheviks in March, 1919, was the organizational instrument for achieving this end. At about that time Bolshevik hopes glowed brightly as Communists seized power in Hungary and Bavaria. Harried as they were by civil war and intervention, the Bolsheviks actually hoped to send military aid to Soviet Hungary.²¹

However, as in 1914, if not in 1905, the Western proletariat again failed Lenin. By the end of 1919, the Communist tidal wave had just about spent its strength in Central Europe, and capitalism had survived the impact. As on earlier occasions, Lenin tried to glean

²¹L. Fischer, *The Soviets in World Affairs*, New York, 1930, 2 vols., v. I, p. 195.

what solace he could from the idea of the revolutionary East. On December 7, 1917, a proclamation signed by Lenin and Stalin went forth to the "Laboring Moslems of Russia and the East." In this document, Lenin renounced the colonial policy of Tsarism, thus, in a sense, declaring the independence of the Moslem nations and thereby liberating their working classes for participation in the world proletarian struggle. In June, 1920, a Japanese journalist named Fusse interviewed Lenin. "Where," he asked Lenin, "does Communism have the best chances for success—in the West or in the East?" Lenin replied, "Genuine Communism can thus far succeed only in the West. However, the West lives on account of the East. European imperialist powers support themselves mainly from Eastern colonies. But at the same time they are arming their colonials and teaching them to fight. Thereby the West is digging its grave in the East."²²

Essentially, this reply of Lenin's is a restatement of the above-indicated unstressed portion of his *Imperialism*. But it clearly reveals his ambivalent state of mind regarding the potentialities of West and East. The Marxist hope, the foundation for Communism was in the West—but could the workers of Western industry really be counted on? Perhaps, after all, one must wait for the long slow process of Asiatic revolution to run its course and allow capitalism there to dig its own grave.

On September 1, 1920, Lenin bowed further in the general direction of Mecca. By invitation from Moscow, hundreds of delegates convened on that date in Baku. Most came from Moslem countries of Asia and the remarks of Zinoviev, titular leader of the Comintern, were fitted to his audience. In a fiery speech Zinoviev called upon his "brothers" to join the Comintern in a Holy War, "first of all against British imperialism."²³ The Asiatics waved swords, drew daggers, and generally exhibited their enthusiasm for such a project. But, except for causing a ripple of annoyance among British statesmen, this colorful display, at the time, seemed to Western opinion little more than a defiant gesture. To Lenin it was obviously more than that, and within the next three years he was definitely to steer his course in an easterly direction. By 1923 it was fully apparent to him that capitalism had not only not succumbed but was powerful enough and (as Lenin believed) was plotting to strike a fatal blow

²²M. Rafail, "God bez Lenina na Vostoke," *Lenin i Vostok, Sbornik Statei*, 2nd edition, Moscow, 1925, p. 7.

²³L. Fischer, *op. cit.*, v. I, p. 283.

against the harassed Socialist fatherland. If this were to occur, what would save the world revolution? In one of the last articles he ever put on paper, Lenin held out no hope of rescue by the Western proletariat. Instead, he decisively linked the fate of Soviet Russia and of world revolution to Asia.

In the final analysis, Lenin wrote, "the outcome of the struggle depends on the fact that Russia, India, China, etc., contain the vast majority of the world's people. This majority has driven itself ever faster in the last years into the war for its freedom, and, in this sense, there can be no shadow of a doubt as to the eventual decision in the world struggle. In this sense the final victory of socialism is fully and unconditionally guaranteed. . . . In order to secure [Soviet Russia's] existence until the final military conflict between the counter-revolutionary imperialist West and the revolutionary and nationalist East, between the civilized states of the world and the Eastern remainder, which, however, comprises the majority—it is necessary to succeed in civilizing this majority."²⁴

What a contrast is this from 1905, when the Russian Revolution was to be saved by the proletarian revolution in the West! How distant it seems even from 1919, when the Western revolution was already in progress! Indeed, here was a complete break with traditional Marxism, this looking for world revolution from the majority of the world's people instead of from the proletariat of the industrial nations. Such a prognosis of world revolution, however correct it may yet turn out to be, is more worthy of a Malthus than a Marx.

One Bolshevik explanation of this and other Leninist deviations from the Marxist norm has been to describe Leninism as "Marxism in the imperialist era." While there is a good deal of truth in such a description, it is partially an apologetic for having given up the crystallized Marxism which was the basis for much of Bolshevism, while claiming to retain the pristine, orthodox view. It is noteworthy that even Marx, in his last years, had pretty well conceded that proletarian revolutions, even in such advanced countries as England and the United States, were not necessarily inevitable. If Lenin chose to ignore these opinions of Marx for so long it can only be explained in terms of his earlier effort to justify the Russian Marxist party in terms of a Western proletariat waiting for a signal to rise. Lenin was, in this as in every other respect, the Machiavellian politician, ready to seize upon such ideas or slogans as were handy to advance his cause. But Lenin also had a gift immeasurably valuable to the crusader—that of being able to build a personal dogma out

²⁴Lenin, *Sochineniya*, 2nd edition, v. XXVII, pp. 416-417.

of his own rationalizations. Lenin had so long conjured with the thought of Russian revolution as the beginning of Western revolution that he forgot that this had become a truth only through his own faith in it.

With all this, Lenin was too realistic to cling indefinitely even to self-conceived misconceptions. Thus, when it was clear that the Russian Revolution had not set off revolution in the West and that, consequently, the Western proletariat would not save the Russian Revolution, he was enough of a strategist to retreat and seek reinforcements elsewhere. Reluctantly he abandoned an article of faith that had served him well, and turned his hopes upon the restless stirrings of Asia, where, industry or no industry, world revolution was actually in the making.

Vladislav Khodasevich—a Russian Poet

BY NINA BERBEROVA

IT is time to admit, aside from all politics and transitory polemics, that good Russian poetry is no longer being written. Let us hope that the deficiency does not persist. Good Russian poetry stopped being written when the last Russian poets grown to maturity before the Revolution of 1917 died in exile, and the last sparks of free poetic creativeness were quenched in the U.S.S.R. One or two poets still living under the freedom and obscurity of Western life, which offers them opportunity but no audience, do not constitute Russian poetry, just as a few Russian actors and playwrights scattered in exile do not add up to Russian dramatic art. And as for the U.S.S.R., not even the most fervent admirers of choral singing and folk limericks regard as poetry the doggerels about love and war sung all over the country. The death of Khodasevich and of Tsvetaeva deprived Russian literature of its two most distinguished "free" representatives, while the instructions of the Soviet government to Pasternak and the enforced "realignment" of Akhmatova strangled Russian literature in its homeland. Who remains in the Soviet Union today? Authors of Red Army songs and film lyrics. Who remains outside? Of the young people grown up in exile, some have found their way into foreign literatures and are lost to us; of the young who came during the war, some are promising but it is still too early to appraise them.

And so we, the living, are confronted with a fact exceptional in literary annals; the utter, unmistakable finality of the termination of a period—a period which lasted nearly two centuries and which brought forth immortal monuments of Russian genius. Despite such names as Gogol and Dostoevsky, Russian poetry, by and large, has been more spiritual, more dramatic, more complex and saturated with meaning than Russian prose. And yet its extinction, in a world from which all great values of the past are departing one after another, passed almost unnoticed. There are many reasons for this; reluctance to delve thoroughly into the causes of the tragedy we were witnessing; a kind of unconscious optimism native

to man, causing him to say when the blow has already fallen, "maybe things aren't as bad as they seem, after all"; our disaster-ridden epoch, which leads us from loss to loss. . . . Be that as it may, Vladislav Khodasevich, one of the last poets who lived in our midst, brought to a close a great and glorious period of Russian poetry. This period began with Lomonosov's "Ode on the Capture of Khotin" (1739) and ran its full course, from first bloom to maturity, in harmonious accord with the poetry of the West.

Vladislav Khodasevich, of half-Polish origin, was born in Moscow in 1886. As a young university student and novice at poetry, he was drawn into Moscow literary life, then dominated by Valery Brusov. It was an era of Russian thought rich in talent, in vigour, in fervor. After several decades of cultural stagnation, poets and writers of the symbolist school, painters, theatrical producers and musicians, all were *creating culture* before the very eyes of the public. Andrey Biely and Brusov in poetry, Stanislavsky, Alexander Benoit, Rachmaninov, in their respective spheres, shared in that memorable cultural renaissance which had its counterpart in the social, economic, technical, and philosophical realms. Between 1905 and 1917, Khodasevich grew up mentally, his tastes matured, his creative ideas took shape. By the time of Russia's downfall, his personality was formed.

In the history of Russian poetry it is possible to discern, if one disregards the textbook definitions of "classicism," "romanticism," "symbolism," two basic lines which ran parallel for two centuries, merging only once—in Pushkin. They have imparted to our poetry its unique richness and variety. One was born, as it were, of *wisdom*, the other, of *melody*. If we keep in mind that in poetry, as in any other art, substance and form are inextricably fused and that in a genuine work of art form is actually substance, we shall not be puzzled by the contradistinction of *wisdom* and *melodiousness*, an attribute of the substance and an attribute of the form. Wisdom was the point of departure of those poets who drew their inspiration from thought; melodiousness, of those who worked from sound and music. Derzhavin and Batushkov belonged to the first group; their poetry is wise, it is intellectual, while that of Karamzin and Zhukovsky is melodious and sensual. In Pushkin both trends are merged, with, perhaps, a slight predominance of the first. Lermontov, Fet, Balmont, Blok, Tsvetaeva, with seemingly nothing (or very little) in common, have carried the melodious line of Russian poetry to our own day. Boratynsky, Tutchev, Annensky, Khodasevich are links in the other chain; their poetry is "profound" rather than "beauti-

ful," rational rather than inspired, austere rather than musical. This intellectual quality, this keenness has been carried by Khodasevich to the limit; he is often prosaic, sometimes dry; he is pungent and replete with meaning; to create meant to him not so much *to sing* as *to meditate*. His poetry combined the poetic technique of the nineteenth century, revived and rejuvenated by him, with a modern acuteness of poetic perception and a daring imagery.

Very early in his poetic career he showed his preference for a sparing use of effects, for modesty of treatment, muted sonority, homely expressions, accents more intimate than declamatory. It may be assumed that the Russian literary environment after 1917 had suggested to him, by way of contrast, his own course as a poet. All around him there was noise and uproar—the gaudy and chaotic spectacle staged by the futurists. Five years, during which much of his best work was written, he spent in Soviet Russia in poverty, enduring hardships, distressed by the course of events, grieved by the loss of friends, appalled by the crudeness and wretchedness of the new mode of life. Nothing in his surroundings was in accord with his poetry—sombre, pure, austere, and profound. And yet, behind the coarse outward pattern he constantly caught glimpses of another reality, one that haunts all poets but is unrecognized or misunderstood by the multitude. For Khodasevich, this world was separated from that by a thin partition, through which it was given to him to see and to hear a great many things.

He never feared suffering, and every storm to him was a "beloved storm," sweeping away doubts, pity, pettiness. In his poem "The Automobile," he speaks of the frightful "gaps of the soul," corroded "as if by acids spilled on them," with everything tender, sweet, and gentle burnt out. Time and again he reminds us almost rudely, in harsh dissonances, of "the throbbing of another life," to which only chosen beings, steadfast, fearless, and intensely thirsting after truth, are granted access.

In February, 1921, the Writers' Club in Petersburg arranged one of its last literary soirées. The program was devoted to Pushkin. It was on that night that Alexander Blok made his famous and prophetic speech about poetry and the rabble—the rabble preparing to strangle poetry. Khodasevich, who also spoke, went even further. He said that the time was drawing near when "we shall have to cry out to each other in the wilderness," deprived of freedom to express our thoughts; we ought therefore to agree beforehand on some word of recognition, some "password" for poets who at any

moment may be reduced to silence. Let the name of Pushkin be such a password, he said, to help us find one another in the dreary wilderness where soon we shall be lost.

This was hardly arrogance. Khodasevich at that time already had a clear foreboding of the doom awaiting Russian poetry. Did his awareness of the common fate threatening them all make him feel a close bond with all other poets of his generation? Hardly so; it was still too early for this. His poems at that period show him to be less concerned about his generation than about his personal peril and his fate as a poet; there is little "civic consciousness" in them. The dominant theme is that of his own, probable or improbable, salvation. If, to use Tutchew's words, his soul "was unable to find happiness through suffering," it was yet able "to find *itself* through suffering." Among all kinds of "petty truths" it sought the one great Truth. Often he dreamt, as Blok had done, of finding the thread that holds all things together and, by a single pull at it, of transfiguring the whole cosmic order once and for all, so that in a flash the ultimate reality, the Truth worth living and working for, might be revealed. . . . Yet more than the cosmic act, the problem of the individual engrossed him. How to escape into that regenerated world? How to find one's way out of this our "grim and tense" existence into that other world? What helped him to bridge the chasm between the two worlds was poetic inspiration. He has given us a vivid image in the last stanza of his "Ballad":

Gone is the plaster sky,
Gone the sixteen-candle sun—
Over the gleaming black rocks
The footsteps of Orpheus are bent.

It is impossible, in the short space of this article, to reveal the mystery of a great poet's gift, to penetrate the secret ways of his poetry. Khodasevich collected three books of his poems into one slender volume and published them in Paris, in 1927. Of these three, the first, which appeared in Russia, in 1918, is the most philosophical; the second (1922), the most perfect in form; and the last (1927), the most tragic. In the first, entitled *Scattering of the Seed*, he searches for the paths down which the Fates lead us. In the opening poem he likens his own destiny and that of his country and nation to the fate of the seed that must be buried in fertile soil and must suffer death deep in darkness, before it returns to life and germinates anew.

In Russia, at the end of 1917, this poem sounded a note of hope;

and, indeed, as long as the poet remained in his homeland, he never lost hope. In 1922 he emigrated of his own volition. Later he learned that his name had been included in the list of writers expelled from the country three months after his departure. For three years Khodasevich wandered throughout Europe—Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, England, finally settling in Paris.

The Heavy Lyre, his second book of poems, elicited the following comment from Andrey Biely: "Just as in his subject matter he adopts the themes and best traditions of our greatest poetry, so in his form he rises to the level of our glorious poets of old. And one rejoices; a poet of real stature has been born in our time. Such a birth is a rare event." In its integrity, its power, its acerbity and bitterness, this book is an extraordinary phenomenon in contemporary Russian poetry.

Its theme is the return "home" from the earthly inferno, not the voluntary return extolled by the romantics, but the enforced, inescapable fateful return; its theme is the end of the transient and visible world, the death of man and of things, after which there is nothing left but the faint breath of the spirit, powerful in its very weakness, eternal in its restless suffering and quest for self-perception.

To live, to sing is not worthwhile,
Our life is insecure and crude.
The tailor sews, the mason builds,
The seams will tear, the house will fall.

The European Night, his third book of poems, was his last. During the last decade of his life, Khodasevich wrote no more than some fifteen poems. Earlier than many others, he saw the night descending on Europe. Horrified by what he had seen, he fell silent.

But only as a poet. During that last decade he became prominent in the Russian press of Paris as a literary critic. Week after week his critical articles appeared in the daily *Vozrozhdenie*. They were quite apart from the ordinary book reviews of new publications (in the U.S.S.R. and abroad), confined usually to an exposition and appraisal of the contents. Each of his essays was a profound and well-reasoned elaboration of a theme suggested by the literary work in question and bearing upon many contemporary problems, literary as well as philosophical, historical, and political. No wonder that today, after the passage of many years, these articles, unlike those of most professional critics, are by no means dated. On the contrary,

they have at times acquired a special significance in the light of subsequent events. Some of his favorite themes during those years were the common fate of Russian men of letters due to the realities of Russian life, the mission and purpose of literature, the ordeal of the poet, the painful yet consciously chosen path of the writer. The theme of the poet's vocation had been lightly touched upon in some of his poems; but only now did it receive a lucid and effective treatment in such articles as "Bloody Repast," which today, after twenty years, appear as fresh and alive as when they first were written. Young poets would cluster around Khodasevich, imitating him, surrounding him with love and respect, paying eager attention to his opinions and appraisals.

Simultaneously with his journalistic activity, to some extent enforced, he devoted much time, as he had done all his life, to the study of Pushkin. Pushkin in Russia, as Goethe in Germany, had become a special field of scholarship, a university department, one might say. This too, of course, has ceased with the demise of the last Pushkinists. (Not only the Pushkin scholars of pre-revolutionary times but also the brilliant generation of young Pushkinists of the thirties has been liquidated.) In this field, it must be admitted, Khodasevich failed to achieve all he intended to do, and all that is left of his efforts is one book, *About Pushkin*, and a dozen or so historical-literary essays scattered about in various reviews. The biography of Pushkin he had dreamed of writing all his life remained unwritten.

But he did leave us another biography, that of the poet Derzhavin, which treats exhaustively the personality, the life, and the works of this poetic ancestor of Khodasevich himself. The eighteenth century, Catherine the Great, the rise of an obscure civil servant to the top ranks of the official hierarchy, the transformation of an obscure, provincial writer into a great Russian poet—all this has been presented by Khodasevich with simplicity, vividness, and a subtle understanding of an era and its people. It contains pages that reveal the author as a genuine master of Russian prose.

A few months before his death in 1939, his book *Necropolis*, a collection of his reminiscences of several writers and poets of his time, was published. These memoirs are distinguished from many others of the same kind by their lucidity, accuracy, and truthfulness. Nothing here is touched up, nothing embellished with fanciful flourishes. Blok, Gorky, Brusov, Sologub, and others, emerge before us life-sized, conjured up by the author forcefully, precisely, while

he keeps his own personality entirely in the background. This book is indispensable today for a clear understanding of these eminent literary figures of our recent past, all representatives of the short but brilliant period of Russian literature in the beginning of this century.

In precarious health all his life, Khodasevich appeared frail, more spirit than flesh; there was a kind of disembodied lightness about him that lent a peculiar grace to his carriage and movements. Ailing since childhood, he had always borne life as a burden; now exile and the constant preoccupation with the fate of Russia were a load almost beyond his strength, the harder to bear as his vision of the future grew darker. . . . After a long and painful illness he died on June 14, 1939, in Paris (where he had spent his last fifteen years) with the clear premonition of the coming war and the disasters it would bring about. A year later his friends were unable to gather at his grave; on that very day the German armies entered Paris. And three years later, after a terrific bombardment, the caskets in the adjoining graves in the Biancourt cemetery were shattered—a sinister, and yet somehow appropriate epilogue to this life.

Life and literature had brought Khodasevich into close personal contact with many contemporary Russian writers who thought highly of his critical insight, his poetry, his conversation. Merezhkovsky wrote after his death: "I still cannot bring myself to say of Khodasevich 'he was,' I would rather say 'he is.' A man of original talent, remarkable not only as a poet but as a human being. What I valued in him above everything else was his staunch, unambiguous, unwavering attitude towards the things 'there' [the Soviet world]. Are there many like him among us, faithful and courageous to the last, unto death? This loyalty to what he loved and considered the truth he took with him into the hereafter, and it will keep him alive here in our midst. This is why I cannot and will not say 'Khodasevich was' and am still saying 'Khodasevich is'." Merezhkovsky was certainly right in one respect; Khodasevich was an uncompromising foe of the present régime in Russia.

A friend of Andrey Biely, Maxim Gorky, Z. N. Gippius, at various periods of his life, he kept up a correspondence with these writers that will be of great value to the future student of our time. The words of W. Weidle, one of his closest friends and a faithful admirer, may serve to bring this unique Russian poet closer to the reader: "It may still be necessary to explain to some people what it is that links us to Khodasevich, and what he signifies to us. It may still be necessary to explain that he is truly *our own* poet. This is meant not

only in the sense that he belongs to post-Pushkin Russia, to post-Goethe Europe, to our common uninterrupted history, but also on a deeper, more spiritual plane which makes him the most profound of all our contemporaries of the last decade."

Exile is always a tragedy, the fate of the émigré always a misfortune. To the poet, emigration can mean extinction, and Khodasevich realized only too well what was in store for him. When he left Russia, he knew what that Russia was; and living in Europe, he foresaw the doom of Europe and fully understood what the termination of a great historic epoch involved. He kept his thoughts to himself, never in all his life did he utter a single word for "the gallery," but several years before his death he had come to feel that, *this side of death*, the future held *nothing*. To talk of this in verse seemed indiscreet to him; if there is nothing, then what is the good of poetry? But in a private letter, written in 1932, he dropped two sentences: "I have nothing left. . . . It is time to bury all proud designs." After this he lived seven years more.

The Case of Vera Zasulich

BY SAMUEL KUCHEROV

ON January 24, 1878, Vera Ivanovna Zasulich, 28 years old, daughter of a captain, appeared in the reception room of General Fyodor Trepov, Governor of the City of St. Petersburg, allegedly in order to present a petition to the General. When Trepov approached Zasulich, she fired a shot, wounding him. He recovered after a short illness. Arrested, Zasulich declared that she fired at Trepov because he had given the order to flog a political prisoner, Bogolubov, for rude behavior.

According to the records and the testimony of witnesses, on July 13, 1877, General Trepov entered the prison yard where several prisoners were taking their morning walk. A political prisoner, Arkhip Bogolubov, took off his hat when the General passed him the first time. But when the General, returning through the yard again passed, Bogolubov failed to doff his headgear. "Hat off!" shouted Trepov, and knocked off Bogolubov's hat. Trepov ordered that twenty-five rod strokes be administered to Bogolubov.

Although Bogolubov had already been sentenced to forced labor and deprived of all rights for having taken part in a political demonstration, Trepov's order was unlawful, since the sentence was not yet in force. Three hours later the flogging took place, in the corridor of the jail amid the frantic protests of all the political inmates.

Vera Zasulich was indicted for attempted murder. Count Palen, Minister of Justice, had been sharply criticized because of a political trial,¹ shortly before this case, was anxious to avoid another and decided to present the case of Vera Zasulich as a pure act of vengeance, devoid of any political character. Therefore, he assigned the case to the St. Petersburg Circuit Court with the participation of the jury.

Anatoly Fyodorovich Koni was President of the Court and of the session in which Zasulich was tried. His memoirs on the Zasulich case, written in 1904 and published in Russia in 1933 after his death (1927), are illuminating. Koni describes the pressure he was sub-

¹"The trial of 193" was conducted by a special bench of the Senate for more than three months, from October 18, 1877, to January 23, 1878; the indicted were accused of revolutionary propaganda. See A. Yakimov, "Bolshoi protses ili protses 193-kh," *Katorga i ssylka*, VIII (1927).

jected to by Count Palen, who wanted to obtain a conviction at all costs. Palen asked Koni whether he could guarantee him a verdict of guilty, and when Koni answered that he could not do it, Palen said that he would report this attitude of the President of the Court to the Tsar. When Koni emphasized that as a judge he must be objective and impartial, Palen retorted ironically: "Yes, justice, impartiality . . ." and continued, "but in this damned case the government has the right to expect special services from the court." "Count," replied Koni, "let me recall to you the words of d'Agnesseau to Louis XIV: 'Sire, la cour rend des arrêts et pas des services.'"² (Sire, the court renders decisions, but not services.)

Palen wanted his best prosecutors to take care of the case. He assigned it to V. I. Zhukovsky, who declined the assignment under the pretext that his brother lived abroad as a political emigrant and could be endangered if he prosecuted Zasulich. Then Palen offered the prosecution to S. A. Andreevsky, who stipulated that he be permitted to blame Trepov in accusing Zasulich. This condition was not accepted by Palen. Both Zhukovsky and Andreevsky had to leave government service because of their refusal to accuse Zasulich. They joined the bar and became eminent lawyers; Andreevsky especially distinguished himself as one of the foremost criminal counsels of Russia.

During the trial the defendant and her counsel told the jury the story of her life. This biography is characteristic of the revolutionary youth of that time and also bears eloquent witness to the measures by which the government sought to check the revolution in Russia.

In 1867, Vera Zasulich graduated from school at the age of 17 and passed the examination for the certificate of private teacher. In the fall of 1868, she arrived in St. Petersburg with her mother. She found a job as clerk to a justice of the peace and attended courses at a teachers' school. There she made the acquaintance of S. G. Nechaev, the famous revolutionary, who was at that time a student at the University of St. Petersburg.³

Nechaev introduced her to his political friends, and when he left Russia he asked for permission to send letters for other persons to her address. In April, 1869, the police searched her apartment, but

²A. F. Koni, *Vospominaniya o dele Very Zasulich*, Moscow, 1933, pp. 69-72, *passim*.

³Zasulich relates the romance with Nechaev in her memoirs. Nechaev fell in love with her, but she did not reciprocate his feelings. V. I. Zasulich, "Vospominaniya," *Byloye*, XIV (1919).

did not find anything compromising. Nevertheless, when she left St. Petersburg for Moscow, she was arrested at the Moscow station on April 30 and sent back to St. Petersburg under the custody of two gendarmes. She was sent to the Third Section of His Majesty's Own Chancellery, incarcerated without any explanation of the cause of her arrest and remained in prison until May, 1870. From prison she was transferred to the Fortress of Peter and Paul and was implicated in the Nechaev case.⁴

The preliminary investigation found Zasulich completely innocent and she was released from the fortress in March, 1871. Several weeks later, however, she was again arrested and banished by administrative order to the Province of Tver. From the deportation jail in St. Petersburg she was sent under the custody of gendarmes to Krestsy (Province of Tver) and released there with two rubles in her pocket and the one dress which she had on. In the summer of 1872 she was again arrested on suspicion of having spread proscribed literature among students of the Theological Seminary and banished to Soligalach, Kostroma Province. In December, 1873, she was transferred to Kharkov, where she remained under police supervision and without the right to leave the city until September, 1875. In Kharkov she obtained a midwife's certificate but could not find a job because of the stigma of police supervision. She was finally released from police control at the end of 1875, and could leave Kharkov for Penza and St. Petersburg.

Zasulich was tried on March 31, 1878. The counsel for the defense, P. A. Alexandrov, asked the court to summon as witnesses several persons who were present at the incident which took place in the prison yard on July 13, 1877, and those who were in prison when Bogolubov was whipped. The court rejected this demand. However, Art. 576 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provided that a defendant had the right to summon witnesses at his own expense if he filed the demand not later than a week after the refusal of the court. Zasulich's counsel made use of this provision, and the court summoned and heard these witnesses.⁵

⁴Nechaev returned to Russia in the fall of 1869 and organized revolutionary societies in Moscow and elsewhere. At his order and with his active participation, a student, Ivanov, whom Nechaev accused of treachery, was murdered. Nechaev escaped to Switzerland, but some of his accomplices were tried in July-August, 1871. Nechaev himself remained abroad until August, 1872, when he was extradited to Russia as a common criminal, tried and sentenced in 1873 to 20 years of forced labor. He died in the Fortress of Peter and Paul in 1882.

⁵This episode is important because the Senate reversed the verdict of *not guilty*

The impression made by these witnesses is graphically recorded in the memoirs of E. Naryshkin-Kurakin: "The appearance of a number of young political prisoners created quite a stir. They had been brought into the courtroom from the Peter and Paul Fortress merely as witnesses of the incident in prison. Their pale faces, their voices trembling with tears and indignation, the details of their depositions—all these statements made me lower my eyes in shame. Then the strong, bombastic voice of the defense attorney, Alexandrov, rang out. First, he elucidated the depositions, and then he mercilessly disclosed the whole despotism of government power."⁶

The counsel based his plea in defense of Vera Zasulich on the tremendous impression produced on her by the unlawful order of Trepov to whip Bogolubov, which she got from newspaper accounts. To expand on this impression Alexandrov turned to a description of the defendant's former life.

The years of youth are justly regarded as the best years of human life. The recollections and impressions of these years last for the rest of your life. The child is preparing himself for adult life. Life is seen from afar from its alluring side, pure, without dark shadows and spots. . . . This is the time of first love, of light-hearted days, high hopes, unforgettable joy, the time of friendship, the time of all those dear, fleeting, elusive things which both mature matron and old granny alike enjoy recalling.

It is easy to imagine how Zasulich passed the best years of her life, what fun she had, what happiness she enjoyed during this precious time, what rosy dreams stirred her behind the prison wall and in the casemate of the Peter and Paul Fortress. [She suffered] complete isolation from everything and everyone behind the prison and fortress gates. For years she did not see her mother, her relatives, her friends. No work. . . . From time to time a book, which passed the prison censorship, reached her. She could take some steps in the cell, but could see nothing through the window. The squeak of opened and closed doors, the clank of rifles of guards being relieved, and the monotonous music of the fortress clock were the only sounds which reached her. No human being, except the warden who brought her meals and the guard who looked from time to time through the door slot. Instead of friendship, love, close association with the world—only the consciousness that behind the wall, to the right and to the left, were fellow-sufferers, victims of an equally miserable fate.

Indeed, during these years of nascent sympathies, Zasulich forever created and strengthened in her soul one sympathy—a selfless love for everyone who, like herself, was forced to drag out the miserable existence of a political suspect. The political offender, whoever he might be, became a dear friend to her, the

on the ground of violation of Art. 576 by the court, giving a very peculiar interpretation to this provision. See Decision of the Senate of May 20, 1878, quoted by Koni in his *Vospominaniya* . . . , Supplement IX, p. 415.

⁶Elisabeth Naryshkin-Kurakin, *Under Three Tsars*, N. Y. 1931, p. 55.

companion of her youth, her comrade in upbringing. The prison was her *alma mater*, which strengthened this friendship, this association.⁷

Then, after describing Zasulich's unhappy life in banishment under police supervision, the counsel reverted to the punishment of Bogolubov:

Fifteen years after the abolition of corporal punishment, a political prisoner was subjected to the ignominious punishment of whipping. This circumstance could not have remained hidden from the public. It was discussed in St. Petersburg; notices appeared in newspapers. These notices gave the first impulse to Zasulich's thoughts. The short newspaper accounts of the punishment inflicted on Bogolubov could not but have an overwhelming impression on Zasulich. A man to whom, by birth, upbringing, and education, the rod was alien; a man who felt and understood all its infamous and disgraceful significance; a man who according to his frame of mind, convictions, and feelings could not witness and endure the fulfillment of the infamous punishment upon another without shuddering—this man had to bear on his own flesh the overpowering execution of this shameful punishment. "What terrible torture," thought Zasulich, "what scornful profanation of everything which constitutes the most essential values of an intellectual, and not only of an intellectual, but of everyone to whom the sense of honor and human dignity are not foreign. . . ."

Then Alexandrov analyzed the character of crimes against the state:

Attention should be paid to the typical moral features of crimes against the state. The nature of such crimes changes very often. What was considered a crime yesterday, becomes a glorious deed of civic valor today or tomorrow. A crime against the state is often the expression of a doctrine aiming at premature reform, at propagation of something not yet grown to full maturity and for which the time is not yet ripe. Zasulich reacted to the punishment inflicted on Bogolubov with a feeling of deep, irreconcilable insult. Who was Bogolubov to her? He was neither her relative, nor a friend, nor even an acquaintance; she had never known or seen him. But is it necessary to be a sister, a wife, or a mistress in order to be indignant at the picture of a morally crushed man, in order to revolt against the disgraceful mockery of a defenseless human being?

Bogolubov was for Zasulich a political prisoner, and this word meant everything. A political prisoner was for her not an abstract notion, taken from books, known from hearsay, from court sessions, a notion which in an honest heart generates the feeling of pity, compassion, and heartfelt sympathy. A political prisoner meant to Zasulich her own self, her bitter past, her own story, the story of irretrievably ruined years, the best and dearest in the life of every man who is not afflicted by a fate similar to that of Zasulich. A political prisoner was for Zasulich the bitter recollection of her own sufferings, of her terrible nervous excitement, constant apprehension, wearisome incertitude, everlasting thought: "What crime did I commit? What will happen to me? When will an end be put to all this?" A political prisoner was her own heart, and every rough contact with it produced a painful repercussion in her agitated nature

⁷Koni, *op. cit.*, pp. 160-166, *passim*.

Alexandrov gave a dramatic description of the whipping as Zasulich had mentally reconstructed it, according to information she gathered upon arriving in St. Petersburg. When he said the words: "Everything stood still in the anxious expectation of a moan, and this moan was heard; it was not a moan of physical pain—it was the poignant moan of a suffocated, humiliated, insulted, crushed man . . ." passionate applause and bravos shook the hall, which was overcrowded by a select audience. Alexandrov went on to picture Zasulich's feelings when she learned all the shocking details of the affair.

The fateful question confronted her: "Who will stand up for the insulted honor of a defenseless political convict? . . . Who will stand up for the fate of other wretches? . . . Where is the guarantee that such an abomination will not be repeated? . . . Bogolubov has many companions in distress . . . must they live in fear of the latent possibility of being exposed to Bogolubov's fate? . . ." Zasulich expected intercession on the part of the press, she expected that the question which tortured her would be raised there. But, mindful of the restrictions, the press remained silent. Zasulich also expected help from public opinion. However, public opinion did not crawl out of the seclusion of private study rooms, intimate circles, and conversations among friends. She expected, finally, a word of justice . . . but justice remained silent. Hopes remained hopes. But her gloomy thoughts and the anxiety of her heart did not cease. Again and again the picture of Bogolubov and all the circumstances of the affair rose before her. It was not the clank of his chains which troubled her soul, but his shameful scars caused her cruel pain. . . . And suddenly, an unexpected thought brightened her mind: "Oh, I myself! . . . All is silent around Bogolubov! A shout is needed. I have enough strength to utter such a shout! I shall utter it and force everybody to hear it!" Instant determination responded to this thought. . . . "If I commit a crime," Zasulich thought, "the silenced question about Bogolubov's punishment will arise; my crime will provoke a public trial, and Russia, in the person of her people's representatives, the jury, will be compelled to pronounce a verdict not on me alone . . . and in the sight of Europe, this Europe which likes to call us a barbarian state, in which the attribute of the government is the knout. . . ." It was irrelevant to her goal whether the shot directed against a certain person would cause any harm. Zasulich did not want to inflict physical pain on General Trepov. To take his life was not her real aim. She wanted to appear in the dock in order to raise there the question of Bogolubov. . . . When she entered the house of the Governor of the City with the decision to solve the question which tortured her, she knew and understood that she was sacrificing everything . . . her liberty, the rest of her broken life, the little that was given her by a merciless destiny. And it is not to bargain over this or that extenuation of her guilt that she is here today, gentlemen of the jury. She was and she remains the selfless slave of her idea, in the name of which she raised the bloody hand. She came in order to submit to you all the burden of her grieved soul, to release before you the mournful story of her life, to relate honestly and truly all that she had

endured, thought, and felt, what had moved her to commit a crime, and what she expected from her action.

Gentlemen of the jury! It is not for the first time that a woman appears before the court of the people's conscience in this dock of crime and oppressive moral suffering. Women who have retaliated [for wrongs done them] by killing their seducers, have appeared here. Women who have steeped their hands in the blood of their lovers or of their more fortunate rivals, have been here. These women left this place acquitted. These sentences were just, an echo of divine justice, which takes into consideration not only the external side of an action, but also its inner meaning—the real guilt of the accused. These women did bloody, summary justice, they fought for and avenged themselves. But for the first time there appears here a woman who had no personal interest in her crime, a woman who bound up her crime with the fight for an idea, for the sake of a man who was for her no more than a companion in distress. If these reasons for crime prove lighter on the scale of public justice, if she must be punished for the sake of the general welfare, the triumph of justice and public safety—then let your chastising justice take place! Indeed, she may leave this court condemned, but not disgraced, and one may only wish that circumstances which provoke such actions and generate such culprits should not be repeated.⁸

The jurors did not deliberate very long. When they reentered the court hall, their foreman read the questions submitted to the jury and started to read the answer of the jury. But when he pronounced "Not guilty . . ." he was unable to continue. "One who was not present," Koni writes, "could not imagine either the burst of sound, which covered the voice of the foreman or the movement which seized the hall like an electric current. Shouts of unrestrained joy, hysterical sobbing, terrific applause, stamping of feet, shouts of 'Bravo! Good boys! Vera, Verochka, Verochka!'"⁹—all this merged into a continuous noise, scream, and howl. Many crossed themselves. In the upper rows, a section occupied by a lower-class public, people embraced one another; but even in the seats behind the bench¹⁰ zealous applause was heard. . . . Somebody was especially active in the demonstration of his approval, just beside my ear. I turned my head—the Deputy of the Master General of the Ordnance, Count Barantsov, an old, stout man, red in the face, violently clapped his hands. When our eyes met, he stopped, disconcerted, but as soon as I looked away, he started his exercise again."¹¹

As Naryshkin-Kurakin puts it: "The judges, jury, dignitaries, and officials grown grey in the service, all the spectators—everyone was carried away by the mood of the moment. One could not analyze it,

⁸Koni, *op. cit.*, pp. 166-193, *passim*.

⁹Diminutive of Vera.

¹⁰Reserved for high dignitaries.

¹¹Koni, *op. cit.*, pp. 215-216.

but it swept over everyone, without exception, even the soberest of them, in that dramatic moment."¹²

Alexandrov was carried on the shoulders of the crowd from the court to his house.¹³

In the field of the administration of justice the trial of Vera Zasulich had an important consequence: a further limitation of the competence of the jury. The majority of the cases of violence against officials were exempted from the jurisdiction of the jury by the law of May 9, 1878. The most important of these crimes were transferred to the courts-martial by a measure of August 9, 1878. The only political trial which the government took the chance of entrusting to the jury had ended with a defeat for the government. The acquittal of Vera Zasulich was a condemnation of the régime. The trial revealed the deep dissatisfaction of the people with the government and its methods. The great majority of the intelligentsia and even a part of the bureaucracy approved the verdict. It was felt that the verdict of the jury was a solemn public expression of indignation against administrative violence.

Gradovsky, a talented journalist, gave in the *Golos* his impression of the trial, which undoubtedly corresponded to the feelings of an overwhelming majority of the people. Gradovsky described the court hall filled with a "select public," glittering with "stars" (decorations) "pressed against one another as in the milky way," and near them the pale defendant. And Gradovsky had a hallucination; it seemed to him that not Zasulich, but he, and with him society as a whole, were on trial, and that the defense was delivering an accusatory speech which deprived them of any hope of acquittal. "And when the word of acquittal resounded, muffled by the outburst of enthusiasm, again it seemed to him that not Zasulich but he himself was being acquitted, that now everything would be all right after many failures and much distress. . . ."¹⁴

¹²Naryshkin-Kurakin, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

¹³The next day after her acquittal, Zasulich was sought by the police and would have been arrested if found. But she had fled abroad. In 1883, she took part in the activities of the Liberation of Labor group and collaborated in the publications of this circle. She was also a member of the editorial board of the *Iskra* (Spark) and *Zarya* (Dawn). After the splitting of the Russian Social Democratic Party into Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, she joined the Mensheviks. In 1917 she was a member of Plekhanov's group *Yedinstvo* (Unity) and an enemy of the October Revolution. She wrote on Voltaire and Rousseau and the history of the First International. She died in 1919.

¹⁴G. K. Gradovsky, *Itogi 1862-1907 g.*, pp. 430-436, *passim*.

In the camp of the reactionaries, on the other hand, the verdict produced the effect of an exploding bomb. Prince V. P. Meshchersky wrote in his memoirs:

The solemn acquittal of Vera Zasulich happened as in a nightmare. . . . Nobody could understand how such an impudent triumph of faction could take place in the courtroom of an autocratic empire. The sad and fateful acquittal of Vera Zasulich showed, alas, too eloquently the disposition and mood of contemporary society. I can say without exaggeration that there were very few of us in St. Petersburg at that time who were extremely shocked by this fearful act of violence against justice. We were an insignificant minority, and it must be said that up to the highest circles of the hierarchy, including the Senate and the State Council, the verdict of acquittal, which honored Vera Zasulich, was accepted by some with loud transports, by others with quiet approval, and by almost everyone with sympathy. I remember how persons who later, under Alexander III, spoke of this acquittal with loud indignation, had quite forgotten that in 1878 they had joined those dignitaries who had dared to shout "bravo" when they heard about the acquittal of Vera Zasulich, and lifted their glasses to the victory of justice, at home and in their clubs.¹⁵

The unexpected outcome of the trial was attributed by the government to the attitude of Koni, the presiding judge of the Court, who permitted the discussion of the whipping. A. E. Perets, State Secretary at that time, noted in his diary: "No less tactless was Koni, the President of the Court, who allowed the discussion of Trepov's behavior toward prisoners, which was shown in a very ugly light."¹⁶

And Naryshkin-Kurakin writes: "Society was deeply impressed by the Zasulich case. Many regarded and honored her as a second Charlotte Corday, and did not see the danger that lurked in the pardoning of a political murderer. Conservative circles, on the other hand, were indignant beyond measure, and their rage turned on Koni. Although such experienced judges as Chicherin, Dimitriev, and Shamshon thoroughly approved of his tactics, the public opinion of reactionary groups branded him mercilessly, and all those doors which had stood open to him hospitably before, were now suddenly closed."¹⁷

Count Palen, the Minister of Justice, asked Koni to resign from judicial service, but Koni refused and could not be dismissed because of the tenure of judges introduced by the Reform of 1864. However, he had to abandon his activity as judge in criminal cases

¹⁵V. P. Meshchersky, *Moi vospominaniya*, St. Petersburg, v. II, pp. 402-404.

¹⁶A. E. Perets, *Dnevnik*, Moscow, 1927, p. 49.

¹⁷Naryshkin-Kurakin, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

and accept the presidency of the Civil Division of the *Sudebnaya Palata*.¹⁸

Describing Koni's attitude in the Zasulich case, O. O. Gruzenberg writes: "His summing up for the jury was and remains a masterpiece of this most difficult kind of juridical work, surpassed by no one. . . . Koni has broken his juridical career because, as President of the Court, he carefully treated the interests of the defendant and tried to recreate before the court the conditions of life which brought her into conflict with the law." And about the case itself Gruzenberg observed: "The only political case in Russia tried by a jury ended with an acquittal scandalous for the government. Koni granted the defense the possibility of extending limits of judicial investigation and putting into the limelight the question of the lack of rights of political prisoners, of the lack of rights which alone can explain the cruel mockery of the political prisoner Bogolubov ordered by General Trepov."¹⁹

Koni was never forgiven for the case of Vera Zasulich. When, in 1885, he was suggested as a candidate for the position of Chief Prosecutor at the Criminal Department of Cassation of the Senate, K. P. Pobedonostsev wrote to Alexander III: "One hears from all sides that the present President of the Civil Division of the *Sudebnaya Palata*, Anatoly Koni, will be appointed Chief Prosecutor of the Criminal Department of Cassation of the Senate. This appointment would produce a very unpleasant impression because of the case of Vera Zasulich, in which, you remember, Koni was President at the trial and displayed utter weakness."²⁰ However, Koni's exceptional talents made his services so valuable that they could not be dispensed with. In an audience on the occasion of this appointment, the Tsar told him: "I have appointed you to such an important and responsible position because of the assurance of the Minister of Justice about your outstanding qualifications for this position. I hope that your further services will be successful and will make me forget the painful impressions produced on me by your activity in a certain case known to you."²¹

Reactionary circles thought that the acquittal of Vera Zasulich would stimulate terroristic actions. Perets wrote in 1881: "The late

¹⁸A special bench of the Senate.

¹⁹O. O. Gruzenberg, *Vchera*, Paris, 1938, pp. 198-199, *passim*.

²⁰K. P. Pobedonostsev *i ego korrespondenty*, Preface by M. N. Pokrovsky, Moscow, 1923, v. II, p. 497.

²¹Koni, *op. cit.*, p. 554, footnote 256.

Tsar understood very well all the mistakes which were committed by the Minister of Justice in this miserable case, which was a signal for further attempts on the part of socialists. When shortly after this case, he dismissed the Minister of Justice, Count Palen, the Tsar said to Grand Duke Konstantin Nikolaevich that Palen was discharged because of the negligent handling of the Zasulich case."²²

The story of the Vera Zasulich trial calls for a comparison. More than seventy years ago, under the rule of an autocratic Tsar, the trial of a political criminal was converted into a trial of the régime and ended with an acquittal which almost all Russia applauded. Viewed against the backdrop of contemporary political trials in Soviet Russia and her satellites, it makes Tsarist administration of justice look like a sample of democracy and equity.

²²Perets, *op. cit.*, pp. 49-50.

Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia's Uranium*

BY JIRI KASPAREK

NO one in the long history of the world has given as much attention to the study of the science of combat as the Communists. This is readily understandable in that their program attaches equal importance to the methods of combat and to the aims of the movement. The Communists teach that their program can best be achieved through the use of violence. For them there is no other way. This applies to their domestic affairs as well as to their foreign policy. Lenin's works are substantially an exposé of the strategy of political warfare. When Stalin, at the tomb of the embalmed body of Lenin, took his famous oath to adhere to Lenin's doctrine, his subsequent deeds showed that what he had in mind was the thesis that organized force must be used to obtain absolute power because in the decisive moment it is not the pen which decides, but the sword.

Wars are won by sacrifice and technology. One without the other is not sufficient. This is one of the lessons of history. Peaceful nations prefer to forget this because they wish to dismiss the idea of war. They would like to project into the minds of other nations their goodwill and willingness to work and live with them in peace. This, however, is one error which is never made by the Communists. Immediately after the termination of the Second World War, when the whole world was preparing to organize a lasting peace, the red strategists in the Kremlin were already planning for the next war, which would bring ultimate victory to their policy throughout the whole world. Their last experience had taught them that the Russian soldier is brave and is ready to die as before; but at the same time the Politburo recognized the importance of technical science in modern warfare. It was only because Soviet Russia was technically better prepared for war than the empire of the Tsar, and particularly with the technical help of the Western Powers, mainly the United States, that the impending catastrophe was averted. Of all the

*The material for this article was used by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, International Service, for broadcasts to Czechoslovakia. [Ed.].

technical weapons developed in the last war it was principally the atomic weapon which could be expected to have a decisive influence in the future. The Soviets did not have the atomic bomb, but they knew the principle involved in its manufacture and the fact that the basic raw material necessary for the manufacture of this destructive weapon was uranium ore. With a zeal which looks only to the result and disregards all sacrifices, they started to work.

In Czechoslovakia near the border of Saxony, in the mountains which significantly are called Rudohori Ore Mountains, in the vicinity of an old mining town, Jachymov, there are gigantic stocks of uranium ore. This fact immediately attracted the attention of the Kremlin. Almost immediately after the termination of hostilities, the territory of Jachymov became in fact Soviet property; it was hermetically sealed, and gigantic quantities of ore were shipped from there to the U.S.S.R.

At that time I was active in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Prague, in a department which dealt with problems arising from the activities of the Red Army on Czechoslovak soil. The Department's jurisdiction included matters of looting. This was a very difficult business, since it required bringing claims against the nation which was considered the greatest ally of Czechoslovakia and which had occupied almost the entire country. But at the same time, it was a very important task. The value of what the Red Army in Czechoslovakia had taken without having a right thereto exceeded, according to the findings of Czechoslovak authorities, the sum of five billion kronen, which is the equivalent of one hundred million dollars—a gigantic sum considering the size of the country and its financial status.

At that time I learned that Czechoslovakia was supplying the Soviets with uranium ore necessary for the manufacture of atomic bombs. Everything which concerned the Jachymov district was wrapped in absolute secrecy. Informed people in the Ministry knew only that we had some agreement with the Soviet government concerning the mining and the delivery of the ore, but they did not know its contents. The original treaty was not in the files of the Ministry where it belonged; the Ministry itself did not have a copy. It was only known that the agreement had been concluded and signed by the then Premier Zdenek Fierlinger. Its contents were held so secret that not even the highest representatives of the Czechoslovak state, including the members of the government, had an exact knowledge thereof. Widely different opinions were expressed as to the privileges

given to Russia, and the general opinion was that the treaty was unfavorable to us. Later, in August, 1945, I was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of the Czechoslovak Embassy of Moscow. There, under interesting circumstances, I was to face the question of the mining of uranium in Czechoslovakia. I have already mentioned that the territory where uranium ore was mined was entirely in the hands of the Soviets. This was the case in practice, but the treaty signed by Fierlinger did not accord to the U.S.S.R. the right to close up the entire territory and to take exclusive control of the mining; the treaty guaranteed only deliveries of ore. This I did not know at the time, but found it out later. It is interesting that the Communists, like the Nazis before them, tried to have the appearance of legality for their acts of violence. Moscow at this time came forward with a proposition to organize a corporation for the mining of uranium, the stockholders being the Soviet and the Czechoslovak governments.

As always, they vigorously demanded that the proposition be accepted immediately. The Czechoslovak government objected. It appeared inadvisable and politically objectionable to organize a corporation at a time when just such corporations were in the process of being nationalized in Czechoslovakia. However, neither the Soviet Ambassador in Prague, Zorin, nor the commercial representative, Bakulin, recognized the Czechoslovak objections and insisted on their position. The Czechoslovak government, therefore, instructed the Embassy in Moscow to intervene directly with Molotov and to stress particularly the political aspect of the matter. To create new corporations was contrary to the Soviet theory and practice, but in the occupied countries, to wit, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, the Soviets had insisted on the creation of mixed corporations in which they were to be the majority stockholders. In accordance with my instructions, we explained to Molotov that politically and psychologically it would be difficult to justify in Czechoslovakia the creation of a new gigantic corporation, an entity considered as particularly capitalistic, having as its main shareholders Czechoslovakia and the U.S.S.R. particularly when most of the existing corporations were about to be nationalized. Molotov, finally, after some discussion, recognized the validity of our arguments and withdrew the demand.

Things, therefore, remained as they were, and the territory of Jachymov continued to exist within Czechoslovakia as a Soviet enclave. It is interesting and significant that not even the Czech-

oslovak Embassy in Moscow was at that time exactly informed as to the actual situation and the contents of the treaty. In the meantime, the Soviet army had left Czechoslovakia and things began to approach normalcy. At the same time, Czechoslovak border guards and passport controls were instituted. Consequently, Soviet citizens, military and civilian alike, could not cross the Czechoslovak border as freely as before. And so, the uranium of Jachymov again appeared on the program of the Czechoslovak Embassy in Moscow.

In the summer of 1946 I received a top secret coded telegram from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, asking me to send a report immediately to Premier Gottwald, setting forth the reasons why the Czechoslovak Embassy had refused to grant visas to a group of Soviet miners who intended to enter Czechoslovakia and requesting that these visas be issued immediately. This strange message amazed me. The Czechoslovak Embassy and all its members were in favor of supporting friendly relations between Czechoslovakia and the Soviets. It was, therefore, our policy to issue visas to Soviet citizens with the utmost speed. They were ordinarily granted while the applicant waited in the anteroom, and frequently our employees had to go to the Embassy during the night in order to issue these visas. I reported to Prague that the Soviet Foreign Ministry had not requested any visas for Soviet miners, and that, therefore, the Czechoslovak Embassy could not grant them. I assured Gottwald that I would speed up the matter immediately, as soon as the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs (M.I.D.) would submit the passports.

Since this intervention was quite unusual, I went to the Ministry for information. I saw the chief of the Consular Section, and I asked for information as to whether any visas for Soviet miners had been requested. The Soviet official advised me that within the next few days, possibly hours, they would submit to us the passports of Soviet experts who would travel to Czechoslovakia in order to supervise the mining of uranium. From his conversation and his obvious embarrassment, I understood two things: that the applicants were not miners but Soviet specialists engaged in the mining of uranium; secondly, that there must have been complications and internal conflicts among the Soviet authorities with respect to the issuance of passports for these experts. On the one side there was the fact that Prague had been urged to grant the visas, and on the other side there was the fact that no applications had been made in Moscow for these visas. From my experience in these matters, I guessed the explanation. In all probability, the Soviet Ministry of Foreign

Affairs issued the passports and submitted them to us for visas, only after it had received the consent of the Ministry of Interior. This consent was very difficult to obtain, and the frequent delays made it necessary to grant visas at times during the night, when the trips were particularly urgent. Evidently, some members of the group of the so-called miners were not favored by the Soviet Ministry of Interior. This explained the delay in the issuing of the passports. At the same time, however, some other high Soviet authority, probably the army uranium staff, was urging a speedy departure for the group. In Soviet Russia, administrative secrecy often approached absurdity. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs evidently had not disclosed to the army the difficulties made by the Ministry of Interior; therefore, the Army, probably through the Military Attaché of the Prague embassy, had intervened with Gottwald in order to speed up the issuance of the visas by the Czechoslovak Embassy in Moscow, not knowing, however, that the passports had not yet been issued. The Chief of the Consular Section asked me to forgive this "misunderstanding." "Misunderstanding" is the favorite word used to explain an unpleasant situation. The official asked me to grant the visas immediately upon issuance of the passports, since it was a matter of very great importance and urgency. I promised to do this. Very soon thereafter a special messenger of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs arrived at the Embassy and asked for the issuance of the visas, which, of course, was done immediately.

The contents of the notorious treaty remained secret, but I was soon to learn about it. Towards the end of 1947, the general manager of the Czechoslovak mines, Mr. Svatopluk Rada, unexpectedly appeared in my office. This visit, which had not been pre-arranged, surprised me. It was not usual for Czechoslovak citizens to enter the Soviet Union, when their arrival and program had not first been made known. This was necessary because usually we secured visas for them and arranged for their lodgings, both matters being quite difficult. However, no such preparations preceded Rada's arrival. Even the usual telegram, announcing the hour of arrival and asking for the dispatching of an automobile to the airport located more than twenty-five miles from the city, had not been received.

Rada, after introducing himself, stated that he had come on a very secret and important mission at the request of Premier Klement Gottwald. The Soviets were informed about his trip and its purpose (this was quite apparent to me, since he would not otherwise have been permitted to enter the country), but in all other respects this

trip was absolutely secret and must remain so. His assignment was to conduct discussions concerning a modification of the existing uranium treaty. From Rada's report and the material which he submitted to me, I gathered some interesting information.

In 1945, immediately after the liberation, a treaty was concluded between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet government whereby we had undertaken to deliver for the exclusive use of the Soviet Union our entire stock of uranium ore and our entire production thereof. Mining and shipping were to be under Russian direction and under the supervision of Soviet engineers. The Soviet Union, whose Army had occupied the major part of the Czechoslovak territory, was considered by us, in 1945, as our chief liberator and our greatest ally to whom we were deeply grateful. However, it was quite another matter to grant an exclusive monopoly of a material so important industrially and strategically. Officially, we conducted a policy equally friendly to the East and to the West. Furthermore, it appeared that the treaty, concluded evidently in a hurry, was also disastrous from an economic point of view. There was the question of payment. It was already known at the end of the war that uranium ore was one of the rarest minerals to be found. Its supply was limited but there was an enormous demand for it caused by the knowledge of experts that this material was of outstanding value. Czechoslovakia was one of the few fortunate countries where this raw material existed. It could, therefore, have been expected that the Soviet Union would pay a price corresponding to the value of the material. But never had I seen a contract evidencing such inequality between the parties as this one. The treaty stated that the basis of the payments by the Soviet Union would be the expenses incurred in connection with the mining of the ore.

The treaty stated furthermore that the Soviets had to reimburse us for the costs involved in the mining of the ore. These expenses would be ascertained from time to time, and thereto would be added the usual percentage of commercial profit. The sum thus obtained would be paid by the Soviets to the Czechoslovak National Bank. The treaty did not take into consideration that its subject was uranium, that is, an ore of unique importance, and that Czechoslovakia naturally had the right to demand that this fact be taken into consideration in determining price. On the contrary, the treaty was made as if it dealt with goods that are in abundance everywhere and are easily to be acquired. I was amazed to learn from the text of the treaty that we were selling to the Soviet Union

uranium in exchange, for which we could have obtained on the world market everything needed for our war-exhausted economy, not for hard currency, but against payment in clearing accounts, and, at that, only for what was called the costs of production with a small margin.

The treaty as mentioned had been prepared. Fierlinger in his endeavor to comply with all Russian demands, was unwilling to make an adequate study of the contents of the treaty. This became manifest when the operations under the agreement got under way. First of all there were investments. The Soviets insisted that mining be started on the largest possible scale. Very soon, however, it became apparent that the existing mining equipment was not sufficient to exploit fully the mines. The Soviets, therefore, asked that investments be increased. There were buildings to be rebuilt on the surface, particularly accommodations for workmen and machines, and underground installations; both, naturally, required very large sums.

The negotiations revealed insurmountable difficulties. Soviet officials demanded that additional investments be made and that the necessary capital be provided by us. They themselves, however, refused to make any contributions of their own. They pointed to the agreement and said that the basis of our claim for payment was to be the mining expenses, in addition to which they were ready to include a percentage for the depreciation of the new investments. Although we had the best intentions for cooperation, it seemed impossible to accept this Soviet demand. The mining was not in our hands either commercially or technically. We did not know how long the interest of the Soviets in our uranium would last, since there was talk about the new Soviet mines in the Urals, and, therefore, what the total expense of the mining would be.

This, however, was not the only problem. The agreement as mentioned was based on the manufacturing costs plus a profit margin. It was based on the idea of mining the uranium out of the soil. I do not know if at the time of the signing of the agreement it was known to Fierlinger that uranium ore was lying on pit heaps as a result of the mining of radium in Jachymov for many years. At any rate, the treaty did not contain any specific provisions. The Soviets started to carry off the material on these pit heaps. This, of course, was very simple, since no mining was necessary, and so they shipped and shipped. However, when it came to the accounting, the matter was not so simple. For the Soviets, there was the agreement which

they referred to. The mining expense of the ore on the pit heaps was nil, therefore, they argued, there were no manufacturing costs, except the small cost of loading into cars. We, of course, could not accept this argument. There was no basis for the computation of the margin of profit. You may multiply zero by a million and you will still have zero. The Soviets wanted the uranium pit heaps, which represented at the time fantastic values, for nothing. This demand and the demand for new investments, both according to the agreement, were cynical and ruthless.

Finally, this was too much even for Gottwald. When it was impossible to find a solution by negotiating with the Soviet Embassy in Prague, the Premier dispatched Mr. Rada to Moscow. His trip was arranged directly with the Soviet Embassy, without our Embassy being notified. All this information was given me by Rada with great reluctance. The essential facts, however, I obtained through the study of the records. Rada said that Gottwald sent him to Moscow in order to find a solution. In accordance with Gottwald's instructions, transmitted to me by Rada, I was to participate in the negotiations. Rada expressly advised me of the Premier's wish that no report be made to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs concerning the negotiations and their result.

The negotiations at the Vnestorg were unusually difficult. The Soviet spokesman was Krutikov, first deputy to the Soviet Foreign Trade Minister and member of the Politburo, Mikoyan. Krutikov later became a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and deputy to the Premier. He was assisted in the negotiations, which were lengthy and exhausting, by the Soviet commercial attaché in Prague, Bakulin. The latter was particularly unyielding. He was outspoken in his hostility. We pointed out that from the beginning the agreement was unfavorable to Czechoslovakia because it deprived us of the possibility of selling uranium ore at world market prices which were high in accordance with the importance of this raw material for war and future peace production. We pointed also to the fact that it was only fair that Czechoslovak economy, so severely damaged by war, should profit from the opportunity offered by this mineral fortune. We stressed particularly that in view of the insufficiency of capital investments in Czechoslovakia, we could not and would not make investments, unless we were assured that they would be paid off. Furthermore, we openly advanced the demand that for the uranium ore lying on the pit heaps, we should receive the same price as for mined uranium, since

both were parts of our natural resources and should be of equal value to the Soviets. The answers were in the negative. The Soviet negotiators referred to the agreement and our duty to carry it out.

Finally, Krutikov made a few concessions and a new agreement was arrived at. The Russians agreed that the pit heaps be appraised on the basis of the market price of uranium, and Krutikov further promised that the investments which would be made, and which would have to be financed by us, would be refunded to us. It was not much of a concession, considering what uranium meant at that time, but the agreement was made in Moscow, in the year 1947, at a time when we had already bowed to Stalin's command not to participate in the Marshall Plan. We were not a partner of the Soviet Union but its satellite.

Ezhov's Régime*

By R. V. IVANOV-RAZUMNIK

III

IT would have been naïve to suppose that my written statement might disconcert the supreme investigating authorities of the N.K.V.D.; nevertheless, by its very rarity, it did cause a kind of sensation, as was shown by the events of that same night.

I was soundly asleep on the bare stone floor, where at least I did not have to squeeze myself in between two other men, when a shout coming from the door aroused me and I heard my name called out. I had lost all sense of time and thought that it was far on into the night. I got up and was about to cross the corridor to the examiners' room, but instead they led me out of the cellar into the yard, then through a doorway up a filthy flight of stairs to the fourth floor. After a long walk through a maze of passages and office rooms crowded with people in Cheka uniforms or civilian clothes, I was ushered into a spacious well-furnished room (the private office of the department chief, as I learned later) where I found Lieutenant Sheptalov. A carpet covered the whole floor, on the walls were the portraits of the leaders and a big clock which had just struck eleven, there was a desk with two telephones, a broad needlework-covered couch, two file cabinets, and between them a solitary chair.

Behind the desk, placed obliquely in a corner, Sheptalov was sitting with his back to the door. When I entered, he turned round and invited me to sit down, not, however, by the desk, as was usual, but on that chair between the file cabinets, some six feet off. This puzzled me; another thing that seemed odd was a row of a dozen chairs along the opposite wall. Still with his back to me, Sheptalov took up the receiver of one of the telephones and said into it laconically, "He's here," then returned to his work without paying any attention to me. I waited, feeling rather hot in my fur coat and fur cap.

About ten minutes went by. A man in Cheka uniform walked briskly in; he was about thirty, short, stocky, clean-shaven (they are

*This last excerpt in the series on Ezhov's régime was published in *Sotsialisticheskii vestnik*, N. Y., November, 1949. The two series of articles, "After Twenty Years," and "Ezhov's Régime," are both from the author's unpublished reminiscences, *Tiurmy i ssylki* (Prisons and Deportations). [Ed.].

all clean-shaven, I never met an examining magistrate with a moustache). Lieutenant Sheptalov got up, pointed at me without a word and resumed his seat, pretending to be engrossed in his work. The newcomer asked, pointing a finger at me, "That's him?"

He took his stand in front of me, one hand in his pocket, the other akimbo, and scrutinized me for a moment. Then he uttered with indescribable contempt,

"A wrrriter? Ivanov-Razumnik?"

I stared back at him in silence. Then, starting at a low pitch and gradually working himself up and raising his voice, he began:

"A writer! Ivanov-Razumnik! So you have the nerve to submit declarations to us? So you dare present demands? You miserable scribbler, you insist on observance of the law? Don't you know, you blockhead, that the law for you—that's us? Don't you know, you scribbling swine, that we can turn you into ground meat, law or no law? This is no longer the year thirty-three when we handled the likes of you with gloves! This minute I'm going to call in our boys, they'll show you what's what, . . . your mother!¹ You filthy dog, you ought to tremble before us and confess without much ado, instead of threatening us with hunger strikes! Do you think you scared us? Scared indeed! To hell with you and your brazen demands!"

By now he was screaming like a madman. He yelled:

"Stand up when I talk to you!"

I did not move and tried to keep my composure, but inwardly I was shaking under this shower of obscene abuse. I addressed myself to the back bent over the desk:

"Citizen magistrate Sheptalov, do you countenance this outrageous treatment of a writer in your presence?"

The back replied (Sheptalov did not turn round):

"I have no right to interfere; the department chief is talking to you."

The department chief, now frantic with rage, shook his fists in my face and went on screaming:

"You stand up or I'll smack your ugly mug! Get up or I'll throw you downstairs, you and your chair! . . . your mother! Get up, you hear me?"

Again I addressed myself to the bent back, trying to keep my voice from trembling (without much success, I fear):

"Magistrate Sheptalov, I emphatically protest against this in-

¹An untranslatable obscenity. [Ed.].

famous treatment! Tell your chief that he will not draw a single word from me!"

"So, you swine, you won't talk to me? You won't stand up? As you please! I'm not going to soil my hands with you! I'll send in one of our boys and he'll take care of you! A writer, indeed! Ivanov-Razumnik!"

He turned abruptly on his heels and hurried out of the room. I never saw him again. I regret not having asked Sheptalov for the name of this worthy G.P.U. official; I would have enjoyed making it public.

Convinced that I was in for a savage beating, I said to Sheptalov's back:

"Once again I enter an emphatic protest against the vile insults and threats you seem willing to ignore, turning your back on them! If you wish to remain a silent witness of what is going to happen here, it's all right with me, but you should know that after that you won't hear a single word from me. I know what I shall have to do."

The back replied:

"Nothing is going to happen here."

And indeed the minutes passed and no henchman appeared. Later I gathered that my statement had been discussed by those "on the top," and it had been decided, instead of applying violence to an author, to try intimidation instead, which task had been entrusted to the department chief. When the attempt at intimidation failed, they resorted to the usual methods of questioning, without beatings, however. Why? Because a writer might some day bear witness against them in print? I do not know their reasons, but I feel bound, in all fairness, to acknowledge that after this first and last outburst of the department chief, they treated me decently throughout the following eighteen months of continuous questioning. Six months later, while cross-examining one of the witnesses in my case (I shall relate that incident in another place), Sheptalov actually told him that he held me "in high esteem." Possibly this was a result of my behavior in the face of his chief's attempt to terrorize me.

All this I came to understand later; at the moment I was waiting for the appearance of a Cheka "tough" and bracing myself for the worst. When I said to the examiner, "I know what I shall have to do," I meant a plan of action conceived a few days previously under the impact of the frenzied screams of a tortured prisoner heard through the open transom of our ward. If worst comes to worst, the

best thing is to put an end to one's life, it is the only answer to torture and degradation. This, however, was easier said than done under prison conditions. It seemed to me, nevertheless, that suicide, while difficult, was not impossible. I might break off the handle of the tin tea-mug given to each of us; prisoners taken to the bathhouse were not searched and I might be able to smuggle in the sharp-edged handle; and once there—a small tub of hot water, an opened vein. . . . Who would notice in the dense steam of the bathhouse?

Had it been necessary, I believe that my courage would not have failed me. Whether the attempt would have succeeded is another question. About two months later we learned that the wife of Agranov, Yagoda's well-known assistant in charge of literary affairs, detained in the women's ward of our prison building, after learning of her husband's execution, had opened a vein on her wrist in the bathhouse. This was immediately detected and she was taken to the infirmary which she left with her arm paralyzed. I was spared such an ordeal. However, I was unaware of this as I waited for the guard who was to show me "what's what." But the moments passed and still he failed to turn up. Instead, various other people appeared on the scene, one after another. Soon there were about ten people in the room.

What had brought them in? Had the roaring of the department chief aroused all the other examiners on the same floor? Or had they been told about me beforehand and were now curious to have a look at the prisoner who had dared to produce such an amazing document? I do not know the answer, but no sooner had the department chief left than various young men began drifting into the room, some in uniform, some in civilian clothes, examining magistrates of the secret-political department and their assistants. One after another they seated themselves on the row of chairs opposite mine (which seemed to have been placed there for that very purpose) and stared at me with curiosity, apparently waiting for the show to go on. They were not disappointed. But before the second act there was a brief interlude.

They were watching me, chuckling and sniggering among themselves, waiting for something to happen. Then one of them, a red-haired young man in civilian clothes, came up to me and said with a peculiarly mean and vicious expression:

"So you choose to call yourself a writer, sir?"

I said nothing.

"And why don't you answer, dear sir?"

I kept silence.

"And why, my dear sir, do you keep your pretty cap on your head?"

"Because you keep your caps on, all of you."

"So! You deign to talk at last! Well, there's quite a difference between you and us, dear sir. *We* may keep our caps on but *you* have to take yours off in our presence!"

Gingerly, with two fingers, he lifted my fur cap from my head and as gingerly put it down on the floor. There was something unspeakably repellent about everything he said or did; I am sure that as an examiner he was a sadist and torturer.

I picked up my cap, put it on and again addressed Sheptalov's back:

"Magistrate Sheptalov, I beg you to protect me against the insults of your colleagues. You no longer have the excuse that they are your superiors."

I do not know what turn things would have taken had not a new actor appeared on the scene. They all rose as he entered; Sheptalov stood to attention by his desk. I recognized the newcomer instantly—the man in yellow! He wore the same clothes as a month before when I had seen him in the orderly officers' room of Ludianka 14—yellow leather leggings, yellow leather breeches, yellow leather jacket of military cut with a decoration attached to it, yellow oil-cloth cap. Later in the night I learned from Sheptalov who the "man in yellow" was—Redens, a Latvian, head of the secret-political division for the whole district of Moscow.

He went up to Sheptalov and they exchanged a few sentences, looking sideways at me. Probably they were talking about my case; maybe Sheptalov was reporting to him about the effect on me of the department chief's performance. Redens then came up to me; I was still sitting on my chair with all the others standing about and tensely watching. But no one, and least of all myself, would have guessed the kind of question he asked me:

"Well," he said, "what do you think of our new edition of Saltykov? Fine work, isn't it?"

"Not as fine as it was planned but good enough," I replied in utter amazement. "This is very gratifying to me."

"Gratifying to you? What concern is it of yours, how we edit Saltykov?"

"It means a great deal to me," I said, "since I did all the preparatory work on the edition for the State Publishing House."

Redens stared at me speechless; then he turned on his heels and addressed the group of young magistrates still respectfully standing on their feet.

"Now mark this, comrades, here you have before you a representative of that counter-revolutionary intelligentsia which we, unfortunately, have been unable to weed out completely. A rabid foe of Marxism! Conceals his counter-revolutionary ideas under legal literary forms with which our censorship agencies are often powerless to contend. And that's the very purpose of the ever-watchful eye of the N.K.V.D to detect and expose those hidden counter-revolutionaries! They are longing for the return of capitalism; they would gladly take away the land from the peasantry and return it to the former owners; they would be happy to put some bloody despot back on the throne and to become his ministers! To this species belongs this representative of that hostile Socialist-Revolutionary intelligentsia which it is our task to uproot like an evil growth from our Communist field. . . ."

The magistrates listened reverently and nodded assent. I must admit that I found little to object to in the first part of Redens' peroration; but the hints contained in the second part puzzled me and I came to understand their meaning only two months later, in the course of one of my examinations. When Redens finished, I said:

"If in your lectures for examiners you indoctrinate them in such a fashion, I feel sorry for your audiences. Never did the Socialist-Revolutionary Party dream of a restoration of the monarchy, of the return of capitalism and landlordism; never did I personally aim at a minister's post. . . . As far as I am concerned, this is all nonsense."

Without honoring me with an answer, Redens again exchanged a few words with Sheptalov and left the room. The magistrates and their assistants, those nurslings of the N.K.V.D., disciples of the man in yellow, followed suit in single file. I was left alone with Sheptalov. The clock showed less than midnight, yet it seemed to me that I had spent ages in this place.

Six months later, in ward No. 79 of Butyrki, we learned through the usual "post office" and "radiotelegraph" channels that Redens was among the inmates of the adjoining ward, transferred there from Lefortovo where he had confessed to espionage in favor of Latvia. I greatly regretted he was not in my ward—it would have been interesting to have a look at him in his new rôle. . . . Later we learned

that he had been returned to Lefortovo, and the last news we heard was that of his execution in the summer of 1938.

Strange, indeed are the ways of the N.K.V.D.!

We of ward 45 met the New Year 1938 in a gloomy mood; beatings were becoming more frequent again, rubber clubs were back in use.

By the end of March, I had completed a year and a half of detention in that ward "under preliminary investigation."

Under Soviet "law," to be sure, preliminary detention is limited to two months; after that, a special order of the prosecutor is required to have it extended for another two months. In practice, the procedure of extension is extremely simple; the examining magistrates submit to the prosecutor of the N.K.V.D. the lists of the prisoners whom they wish to keep in prison on account of "the investigation of their cases still pending"; and he perfunctorily sets his seal to the list without looking closely into the matter. After another two months, the procedure may be repeated, and in this way prisoners may be actually held for years "under preliminary investigation" while the letter of the law is observed.

Prisoners were brought in and taken away; the number of old-timers in our ward was steadily shrinking. At last it was my turn to take my leave from ward 45, where by now I had become thoroughly at home, after passing through all the stages from the "subway" under the bunks to a privileged bunk near the window. On the 6th of April, after the morning tea, I was called out "with belongings." This meant transfer and always created a stir; the ward inmates started speculating—where were they taking me? To another prison? To the deportation center? Nobody ever thought of the possibility of release; such cases were practically unknown. I collected my belongings and bade farewell to my companions, with some of whom I had become quite intimate in the course of time.

Once again the familiar routine—the "station," the tiled cubicle, the search of clothes and underwear, the usual harsh command, "Strip! Stand up! Open your mouth! Show your tongue!"—the whole gamut of the customary ritual. One detail was new—I had to surrender all prison property—blanket, bowl, spoon, mug. Then I was taken to the registry to fill out a questionnaire; my answers were checked against my admission questionnaire and finally my name was struck off the Butyrki lists. Goodbye, Butyrki!

And now the "Black Raven"—where will he carry me? We stop,

they let me out—a familiar place, the yard of the Lubianka prison, with the descent to the kennel. . . . The commandant's office; a thorough search (again they confiscate my glasses); and then I am led down to "the kennel." By chance I am again assigned to the ward where I spent 24 hours nearly six months previously.

We have now reached the second "climactic point" of my tribulations (the first was the night of November 2-3) and I shall dwell on it in greater detail. But how to find adequate words and colors? To those who have not seen these horrors with their own eyes, who have not experienced them with their own bodies, every description will appear unconvincing. What is needed here is the eye and the pen of a master; this is indeed a subject worthy of Dostoevsky. . . . I shall try to give just a plain and unvarnished account of life in the kennel during the week I spent there before being called for questioning.

Six months before, there had been eighteen of us there, and on 24 square yards there had been enough space for all to stretch out on the bare stone floor. When I entered this time . . . no, it would not be right to say "I entered," there was no way to get in, all the space was occupied to the last inch by tightly packed half-naked men (wearing underpants but no shirts). I was the sixtieth; there was literally not an inch of space available and I remained standing in the doorway, appalled by what I saw. . . . The kennel met me with a roar of protests—not against me but against those who inflicted such torture upon human beings, packing them like herrings in a barrel. But the door slammed shut behind me and I had no choice but to wedge myself in somehow with my bag between two naked bodies closely pressed together. I had to take off my fur coat, fur cap, coat, waistcoat, trousers, to put them on my bag and to sit down on top. How I managed this, I cannot understand to this day; there was no room to put one's foot on the floor. With the greatest difficulty a fellow-prisoner from Butyrki brought in here a day or so before myself—former chairman of the "Down and Feathers" trust made room for me next to himself.

After a few minutes I began gasping for breath. There was no ventilation of any kind, nothing but the narrow slit under the door. The stench and the heat defied description. A doctor sitting not far from me asserted that the room temperature was no less than 110° F. I stripped down to my underpants; sweat was running down my body all the time. After a week of this, all my clothes (on which I sat) were drenched with perspiration, mine and that of others.

Rivulets of moisture—partly our sweat and partly liquid oozing from the leaky bucket in the corner—gathered on the floor and trickled under our bodies and our belongings. True, there were not many with any belongings in the kennel; the majority had been brought in from various prisons “without belongings” for questioning and eagerly awaited the time of returning “home” to their respective prisons. Butyrki and Taganka with their crowded wards appeared like a promised land compared with this foul place.

We were sitting pressed together, our naked bodies touching, our sweat mingling, infecting each other with a painful eczema that took a long time to heal. All this was hard to bear; still it was as nothing compared with a worse torment—the lack of air. We were literally suffocating, gasping for breath with open mouths like fishes thrown out on the shore. And we had to stand this not for a day or two but for a week, as in my case, and even longer. When I left that inferno after a week of it, among those who stayed behind there was a Korean (a “spy”!) who had spent ten days in the kennel before my arrival. Seventeen days of such torture!

The lack of ventilation resulted in the poisoning of our bodies by the carbonic acid we exhaled. Red blotches on the face, accelerated pulse (up to 200 a minute, according to our doctor), buzzing ears, throbbing temples, nausea, dizziness, palpitations—such were the symptoms of our poisoned condition. Whenever the door opened and a whiff of air refreshed our filthy cavern, we would feel better for a short while, but afterwards the temporary relief our suffering would resume its former intensity.

Hardest hit were those with heart ailments—how those martyrs survived is a mystery. During the whole week of my stay in the kennel there was only one “lethal” case. Colonel Rudzit (a Latvian, which means a “spy”) after a tough examination one day began choking and panting; with a rattling in his throat he whispered: “Air, some air!” We stretched him out with his head to the door across the legs of those who were sitting there, and he put his mouth to the slit under the door; this restored him somewhat. Soon, however, the attack recurred and he fell into a coma. Those by the door began hammering on it with their fists; the whole cellar was yelling: “A doctor! A doctor!” The doctor appeared—an elderly white-coated man; but for all the help he gave the patient he might have stayed away. He felt the colonel’s pulse in a perfunctory way, and in reply to our indignant protestations that we all were poisoned and suffocating, that this was a death chamber, he drily remarked “Well,

you had better confess!" and left. This bit of advice was his only prescription, all his help to the sick man. I prefer to think that he was not a doctor at all, just some scoundrel of the N.K.V.D. impersonating a physician. . . . His prescription was of no avail. Colonel Rudzit recovered his breath because the door had been open during the doctor's visit and the next day he was again summoned for questioning. The following night he died in the kennel after another attack of asthma.

With perspiration streaming down our bodies, we were unbearably thirsty from morning to night and from night to morning—a kingdom for a mug of water! But we were not given water, and to the torture by heat, overcrowding, eczema, suffocation, and poisoning was added the even crueller torture by thirst. We had been unable to obtain water even for the dying colonel Rudzit, so what could we expect for ourselves?

In the course of the day we enjoyed four blissful half-hours—two at dinner and suppertime and two during our morning and evening "toilet." Dinner or supper the door swung wide open and a rush of cold air from the corridor cooled our sweaty naked bodies. The dishing out of dinner and supper did not take much time, the cook worked with three assistants, but for at least half an hour we were able to breathe deeply like human beings and not like fishes out of water, and the cool air dried our moist bodies. After meals it is easier to breathe in the kennel for an hour or so, but the room temperature quickly rises again (the radiator is always hot), and again we are panting as before.

Still more blissful are the half-hours devoted to the "toilet." The washroom is small and we were taken there in four shifts mornings and evenings. There we washed our sweaty bodies down to the waist in ice-cold water, and holding our heads under the faucets we could drink, drink, drink. . . . Refreshed, we would return to our cellar to make room for the next shift. Unfortunately, they did not air the kennel in our absence and we plunged at once into the foul air and the murderous heat again. . . . But then it may be that this room temperature saved us from pneumonia after the ice-cold shower on our hot steaming bodies. . . .

The nights were ghastly. The lucky ones placed close to the walls were able to sleep in a sitting, position leaning against the wall; the others also slept sitting but without anything to lean against. Two days after my arrival, when several people had left, with only five newcomers, we devised the following arrangement for the the night:

All kennel inmates formed four rows; the two men at the ends of each row slept in a sitting posture leaning against the walls, the two in the middle stretched out on the floor, placing their heads on the feet of those by the wall and their two pairs of legs one upon another—each man coveting the upper position for his legs, since the “lower legs” were apt to get numb. We slept in our shirts; our eczema had become so painful that the friction against one’s neighbor’s naked back was excruciating. The shirts became quickly drenched with sweat and sometimes with blood from fresh weals on the back. . . . Six months before, I had thought that nothing could be more agonizing than the nights in ward 45 with its 140 inmates; I did not know then what a single night in the dog-kennel did to one. . . .

And the days were not much better, with the heat, the thirst, the lack of air. Yet they had to be filled somehow. Every prisoner returning from an examination had something to tell, but these tales were monotonous and depressing. We began telling each other stories of a lighter kind. For three successive days, with interruptions due to lack of breath, I recounted in full detail the plot of *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Dumas; an elderly Chinese, who spoke Russian well, entertained us with wonderful Chinese folk-tales. We had to kill time somehow and to keep our minds off examinations. . . .

And then we were visited by a new and unexpected affliction which, however, turned out for the best and brought us unhopedor relief. On my second day in the kennel a new prisoner was brought in straight from the “free” outside world. This was a railway signalman charged with “wrecking” (he had given the wrong signal, causing a railway accident, and expected to be shot). He had been taken to the bathhouse, yet despite the steam bath, he was still covered with lice. With appalling swiftness the vermin overran us; within three days we were all infested with these parasites crawling from one body to another. The commandant was summoned and given a demonstration of the unsanitary condition of the dog-holes in his charge; the prison authorities usually set great store by cleanliness. The commandant immediately ordered that we all should be taken to the bathhouse; our belongings were to be disinfected, and the signalman, after another bath, was to be kept in solitary confinement.

And so, on my sixth day in the kennel, we were led to the bathhouse. They conducted us across the vast prison yard through a

maze of winding lanes. In one place we were stopped at a narrow passage between two snow-melting furnaces ablaze in the yard; instead of snow and fuel the stokers were feeding them with books and papers. This was an *auto-da-fe* of forbidden literature and of examination records not important enough to be preserved in the archives of the N.K.V.D. My own fat notebooks filled with literary and personal reminiscences had been consigned to the flames in this very "crematorium." Deprived of my glasses, I was unable to make out any titles of the books awaiting burning placed on the index of forbidden literature in "the freest country of the world"; but a farsighted prisoner next to me was able to decipher some of them. I was surprised to learn that Lange's *History of Materialism* was among the doomed books, on account of his neo-Kantian aberration, I presume.

The steam bath was sheer delight! There were neither faucets nor tubs for pouring water but there were showers; we were given soap, and for a whole hour, while our clothes and underwear were being disinfected, we splashed about, washing away the vermin, the sweat, and the dirt. Here under the showers I had the opportunity to see the old scars and the fresh weals on the backs, the hips and even the bellies of my companions. At the bathhouse of Butyrki, about ten per cent of the prisoners had shown traces of "examinations"; here at Lubianka no more than ten out of fifty were free of such evidence of the examiners' zeal. Poor "Down and Feathers" was groaning while washing the blood off his body; the soap made his fresh wounds smart. And all this happened in the twentieth century, in Moscow, the center of "the freest country of the world" . . .

We went back to our cellar filled with gratitude to the signalman for the temporary unpleasantness and the ensuing unexpected pleasure we owed him. We were clean, we had filled our lungs with fresh air, and were now ready to resume our ordeal with new strength. I hardly suspected what new turn of events awaited me.

Book Reviews

ARMSTRONG, HAMILTON FISH. *Tito and Goliath*. New York, Macmillan, 1951, 312 pp. \$3.50.

WHITE, LEIGH. *Balkan Caesar*. New York, Scribner's, 1951. 245 pp. \$2.75.

BILAINKIN, GEORGE. *Tito*. New York, Philosophical Library, 1950. 287 pp. \$3.75.

In the history of the secular struggle between Totalitarianism and Democracy that began in 1917 and the end of which is no where in sight, Titoism represents something new and enigmatic. Stalin was his master and model. His avowed aim is Communism. His régime is a total state régime, complete with overall plan and controls, one-party dictatorship, leader cult, coordination of all public organizations into the state machine, ubiquitous police, prison for all active opponents. And yet. . . .

He has broken with Stalinism and successfully defied the undefinable. He has challenged Stalinism in the name of Leninism, and his ideologues, Djilas and Pijade in gingerly fashion are flirting with the reexamination of Leninism in the name of Marxism. Like Stalin he has become a "national Communist," but whereas in a dominant, great power, national Communism leads to aggressive imperialism, in a small power seeking to avoid domination it leads to anti-imperialism. Each position, consistently adhered to, has a logic of its own, and the two logics carry the erstwhile master and disciple farther and farther apart.

The logic of Tito's position leads

him to calling off his part in the civil war in Greece; to a quest for friendly relations with Greece despite yesterday's war, with Italy despite Trieste, with Turkey despite ancient memories. In the Cold War which in Korea is hot, and tomorrow may grow hotter in the Balkans, Tito knows that No-Man's Land is impossible because it is bullet-swept from both sides. And on Stalin's side, he knows there is only death for him and his nation. Therefore, his struggle for survival forces him to cross over into the camp of the free world . . . but within his land there is no replica of the free world's institutions.

How will this enigma resolve itself? How far will the logic of a polarized world carry his reexamination and potential reconstruction of his régime? How genuine are the gestures and proclamations? What were the issues which brought about the unexpected break? To what extent, in becoming the defender of his peoples' freedom, will Tito be compelled to grant freedom to his people? To what extent is he restrained by his dogmas, and by fear of his Stalinist opposition, from moving in the direction of a more democratic socialism? To what extent is he held back by the concentration on power which all his life has inculcated in him? To what extent is his democratic opposition restrained by the feeling that he represents the entire nation in struggle against conquest by a foreign power? How much aid shall the free world give him to sustain the crack in the Kremlin wall and to help him in his struggle for survival?

Is it proper to give him unconditional aid, which he may use not only to oppose Stalinist aggressive imperialism, but also to strengthen his oppression of his own people? What conditions, tacit or explicit, can we properly and wisely make in return for our aid? How far will the logic of his own changing position carry him? And in what direction will the resultant of the various pressures on his régime, Stalin's, and the Free World's, and his own people's move him?

All these questions, and others like them, crowd upon us as we contemplate the unprecedented spectacle of Titoism. The final answers are still concealed by the sphinx of history, yet necessarily, we must calculate, speculate, analyze, and conjecture. The three books here under review represent three distinct analyses of the origins, significance, and future of Titoism. That they contradict each other in so many essential points is at once an evidence of the complexity of the phenomenon they analyze, and the diversity of the reactions of ardent and interested observers.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong's *Tito and Goliath* is on the whole the most illuminating of the three works under review, and the most non-committal as to the future. Mr. Armstrong brings to his study a life-long interest and first-hand knowledge of the Balkans, and the thoughtful, many-sided approach that distinguishes his work as editor of *Foreign Affairs*. The secret history of the break between Tito and Stalin, the actual course of events to date, and the significance of that fateful event so far as it has made itself manifest, is nowhere better treated. This is a must book for any

one interested in the phenomenon of Titoism.

But from substantially the same body of facts, the more youthful, ardent, and crusading temperament of journalist Leigh White deduces more sweeping and frequently quite contrary conclusions. He, too, knows his Balkans, and, like the good reporter he is, has sought to learn everything at first hand, by personal interview, distillation from other reporters, and gossip. Where he could not check the story himself, he is often inaccurate. But where his sources are good, and as far as his legs could carry him, his report has the precision and liveliness of on-the-spot coverage and the warmth that comes from a crusading temperament. Moreover, he offers some insights and much data that the reader will not find in Armstrong.

Some notion of Armstrong's approach can be deduced from the fact that his opening words are: "None can pierce the vast black veil uncertain because there is no light behind the curtain. . . ." and the closing words quote Engels, writing to Kautsky in 1882: "The victorious proletariat cannot impose on any people happiness and at the same time not undermine their own victory."

And the spirit of White's book can be sensed from his closing appeal: "I would suggest that we be just as skeptical, and as hypercritical in dealing with our erstwhile enemy, Tito, as we have been in dealing with our Greek, Turkish and Iranian allies. . . . We have no right, nor have we the desire, to exact material concessions from our beneficiaries. But we do have the right, indeed we have the most solemn of moral obligations, to

exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms."

As for the third of the works under review, Mr. Bilainkin has written an uncritical, and frequently incoherent and silly glorification of Tito. From it one can learn a fair amount that isn't so, and, in poorly digested form, a fair amount that is. An official work of apologetics would be useful because it would give a clear statement of the official position, as to the works of Djilas, Pijade, and the extremely important Yugoslav *White Book*. But Mr. Bilainkin is an unsolicited and unbriefed worshipper.

The spirit of Mr. Bilainkin's book, as well as its style and organization, can best be conveyed by the fact that the opening chapter pictures Tito as "shy," and the closing chapter reaches its climax in this passage: "The birds were singing gaily, as they might, would, for an assembly called by King Alexander, the dictator, Prince Paul, the Regent of wilting memories, or the liberator of modern Yugoslavia, Tito. There was more fear about their fellows and themselves in the song of the birds than there was in the heart of Tito. . . ."

BERTRAM D. WOLFE
Columbia University

CARMAN, E. DAY. *Russia's Drive Toward World Domination*. Washington, Public Affairs Press, 1950. 175 pp. \$3.25.

It may be said at once that this book gives a fair and matter-of-fact description of the territorial ex-

pansion of the Soviet Union, particularly in the decade from 1939 to 1949. Events and milestones are exactly pin-pointed, but the broad sweep gives a good geopolitical coverage from Finland south to the Black Sea and thence eastward to Japan. There are, it is true, some omissions but these are perhaps permissible in a book of such wide scope. Much more serious is the impression created by the book that Soviet expansion is nothing more than an extension of Tsarist expansion. Superficially this may seem to be the case, but in reality there is a definite dividing line between the two.

For one thing, the Soviets use two methods to camouflage their expansion—methods which as a rule were not applied by the Tsars. The first is the trick of disguising conquest as "ideological rapprochement." The Soviet Union, the argument runs, does not conquer countries; it merely spreads its concepts to other peoples who, becoming converts to the Soviet way, automatically join the USSR. In some ways this resembles the Crusades against the infidels when the Cross was often indistinguishable from the sword; and conversion, from conquest. The second method is to mask arbitrary absorption under appeals to national or ethnic self-determination. This trick is thoroughly elaborated by the author.

The Soviet Union, representing a federation of national territories, is technically well organized to swallow ethnically kindred nationalities and their lands. This has been skillfully exploited. Against Finland is placed a Soviet-Karelo Finnish territory; against Polish White Russia, a Soviet White Russia; against Polish Ukraine, a Soviet Ukraine

(whose tentacles reach to both Czechoslovakia and Rumania); and against Rumanian Moldavia (Bessarabia) is placed a Soviet Moldavia. To the south and east are: Soviet Armenia facing Turkish Armenia; and a Soviet Kurd region to serve as an irredenta to Kurds outside the USSR. Soviet Azerbaijan abuts on Iranian Azerbaijan, and there have been repeated efforts to merge the two under the Soviet star. A like situation holds in the cases of the Tadzhiks, the Kazaks, the Turkestani (and others) and their ethnic relatives in Chinese Turkestan or elsewhere. Such devices enable the Soviets to make profitable use of "the nationality principle." They also make it possible to depict brutal, bloody conquests as merely peaceful "self-determination" or "liberation."

Mr. Carman vividly and thoroughly describes the Soviet-German relations during the summer of 1940. He fails, however, to note the significance of the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 as the watershed between a period of relative quiescence and one of very vigorous expansion. On the other hand, the author traces with care Soviet violations or abuses of international agreements. The Soviets violated a whole series of treaties by which they had recognized the independence and guaranteed the integrity of their smaller neighbors. Neither these treaties nor earlier idealistic pronouncements were allowed to stand in the way of Soviet aggression when the time was judged ripe. The "Appeal to the Moslems" of December, 1917, for example, said in part: "We are declaring herewith that the treaty concerning Persia's dismemberment [i.e., the Anglo-Russian agreements] is broken and cancelled.

The Persians will be assured the right to free determination of their fate."

In August, 1919, a special Soviet address was sent to the workers and peasants of Persia promising the annulment of all concessions in favor of Russia as well as all payments of Tsarist loans. The Soviet-Persian Treaty of Friendship (1921) re-affirmed and extended these promises—all of which did not preclude later attempts at aggression. Mr. Carman's book by omitting these earlier events misses a chance to point up, in the case of Iran, the great contrast between early idealism and later aggressiveness.

On the whole, despite the criticisms made here, the book is an important addition to our growing literature on Soviet expansion through diplomacy, foreign policy, and specific ideology.

MAX M. LASERSON

Columbia University

BERG, L. S., *Natural Regions of the U.S.S.R.*, translated by O. A. Titlebaum, edited by J. A. Morrison and C. C. Nikiforoff. New York, Macmillan, 1950, 436 pp. \$10.00.

This work bears the unmistakable stamp of a great geographer, Professor Lev Semionovich Berg, who had made his own a deep understanding of the Russian landscape, as well as a copious store of more pragmatic knowledge of the Soviet Union.

The text falls easily into natural divisions, built around regional discussions of the great natural belts which band the U.S.S.R. from east to west. Only the mountains of the

east and south interrupt this latitudinal pattern, which coincides to a large degree with the various climate zones. Tundra, forest, forest-steppe, steppe, semi-desert, humid sub-tropics and mountain ranges are all effectively presented by Berg in proper order. The climate, relief, soils, and plant and animal life of each region and sub-division are carefully described.

Berg is a keen observer and admirer of nature, and his regard for the world of living beings is evident in his discussion of natural vegetation and fauna which forms the nucleus of each chapter. Berg explains the life of each area in terms of the natural and physical factors of its environmental background. But climate, relief, hydrography, and soils are also delved into from the viewpoint of the conscientious geographer as well; Berg includes discussions of the origin of relief and geological features, if only as a backdrop. Obviously the author intended no treatise on the physical geography of the U.S.S.R.

The chapters dealing with regions and sub-divisions are proportionate to the amount of knowledge which has been gathered through exploration and research rather than the size of each. Thus, the western and southern regions are given detailed treatment, while only six and one-half pages are devoted to the vast and lesser-known reaches of Eastern Siberia.

Berg's excellent chapter on the forest zone divides this area into the two sub-zones of taiga and mixed forest. Slight differences in soil, sub-soil and relief create essential differences in hydrography, which in turn exercise much control over vegetation types. Forest, peat-bog and meadow are mentioned as the most

common elements of landscape of the taiga (northern coniferous-forest). Soil formation in this cool, humid climate, involving continuous leaching and washing away of fine particles and mineral salts, is discussed scientifically. So is Berg's treatment of the environmental adjustment of plant associations. His correlation of the various geographic elements is here at its peak.

Berg's general approach is essentially dynamic. Not content with the simple statement of conditions, he strives to explain the origin of the phenomena he describes by deciphering the developmental history of the landscape, and then by fixing the present stage of the landscape studied. Correlations between relief, soil, and hydrography on one side and plants and animals on the other are brought out, as well as these within the biosphere itself. The reader is quick to apprehend, for instance, that the larch (tamarack), with its widespread but shallow roots, thrives marvelously in ground hardened by permafrost, while spruce and pine, in their turn require quite different conditions. Such ecological facts and their geographical consequences are explained with easy mastery; exactly, scientifically, but in simple and lucid language.

The author has departed from conventional practice by including the zone of deciduous forests in the forest-steppe, as merely an area of tree growth, not a sub-zone in itself. The transition is well described. Berg represents the forest as a great consumer of water; when atmospheric moisture is lacking, the trees must seek valleys and hollows. Through this presentation, tree growth is seen as related to relief as well as hydrography.

Not only the east-west zones are stressed. The division transecting them longitudinally is also emphasized. In Europe, Berg points out the rôle of spruce in North and oak in South; in western Siberia, the position of fir in North and birch in South; and in eastern Siberia, the dominant position of the tamarack. Very complete and adequate is also Berg's discussion of the steppes and their animals and plants.

After a discussion of the semi-desert zone, Berg goes into a discussion of the desert proper. The Central Asian deserts are divided into northern tertiary plateaus, sandy deserts, and loessial piedmont plains of the south. The stony deserts are common to the plateaus; the sand masses of the "Kums" (Kara Kum, Kizyl Kum, etc.). Berg explains by citing the work of rivers during the more humid glacial periods. Most interesting is the discussion of the large network of dry valleys (Uzboy, Unguz, etc.), representing a strange relic of former drainage. But the author does not subscribe to the thesis that Central Asia has been drying up; during the last 3,000 years, he says, the climate became slightly more humid. "Under present conditions," writes Berg "the sandy deserts of Central Asia, if let alone, would not expand their areas. They would be overgrown with vegetation and would be held fast." . . . "These shifting sands were produced . . . as a result of the grazing of cattle, the plowing of sands. . . ."

In his views on the origin of loess, Berg diverges from most authorities. He thinks that loess is not of aeolian origin. There are many instances of loess-like bodies which are stratified-products of sedimentation by water. However, in denying the

aeolian origin to all sorts of loess, Berg is representing a rather small minority of specialists.

There is a good chapter on the humid sub-tropics in Transcaucasia, where the opulent vegetation thrives amid conditions of life just opposite to those in the desert. He also includes large chapters devoted to the mountains in the south of Europe, Central Asia, and eastern Siberia.

Well-chosen photographs, representing in the main the vegetation types of the U.S.S.R., illustrate the book. The editorial work behind their choice makes a valuable contribution to an understanding of the scenery and the essential features of the landscape. These pictures are far superior to the poorly-reproduced ones in the original Russian editions.

Such a fundamental treatise should have been provided with a good map of vegetation. Instead there are two maps of "landscape zones" (maps 13 and 14, pp. 351-2). A 4" x 6½" map of the U.S.S.R. on a scale 1" = 900 miles, overcrowded with numbers and oversimplified, is hardly to be considered sufficient. Probably for this technical reason the broad-leaved forests of the Far East disappeared within the zone of mixed forests and the small but interesting areas of forest-steppe near Yakutsk did not appear at all. The majority of maps illustrate either climatic factors (maps 15-22) or areas of plant distribution (maps 3-8).

Geological sketches illustrating structure, profiles, sketches of the extent of glaciation, maps of the soils and hydrography would all be most welcome in the next edition as graphical materials to supplement the text and aid in understanding it.

Map No. 23 should be located within Chapter XVI or XVII.

The translator faced an enormous task. Armed with numerous dictionaries and special floristic and faunistic works, she overcame unusual difficulties in disentangling hundreds of puzzling plant and animal names in English, Russian, and Latin. Her bibliography is most helpful. However, the translator changed the form of names which she found in the Russian text in adjective form by simply cutting off the ending. This does not always give the right form. For example: The southern part of Western Siberia is called "Vasyuganye," and not Vasyugansk," as it should be (p. 31). There are some less fortunate descriptions in the glossary. The chernozems are said to be an "azonal group of soils" (p. 369). The opposite is true; they are zonal. The region north of the Caucasus contains now five and not seven autonomous areas (p. 373). The name of the soil "solod" is not derived from the Russian for salt (p. 375), etc. The errors (not very numerous) and weak spots in the English translation do not alter the success of the translation as a whole.

The editors and the translator have placed in the hands of the English-speaking world a very valuable description of the nature of an immense country, a country which in so many physical respects resembles the northern part of our own continent.

Unfortunately, the price of the book is so high that it can not be easily afforded by the majority of university students.

BOGDAN ZABORSKI

McGill University

JORRÉ, GEORGES. *The Soviet Union: The Land and Its People*. Tr. by E. D. Laborde. London, Longmans, Green, 1950. 353 pp. 21 s.

An English translation of a work by Professor Jorré of the University of Toulouse, the present volume originally appeared in French. The date of first publication is not given but internal evidence suggests that the author completed his original work about 1940 and then added some updating material for this English translation after World War II. It is hardly accurate to say, however, as the translator does in his foreword, that the author has "brought the whole book up to date."

In the main this is a geographic study of the Soviet Union. Part I gives the usual material about physical setting (relief, climate, soils, fauna and flora, rivers, etc.) and Part IV, roughly half the book, describes the regional physical and economic geography of the country along more or less traditional lines. Part II sketches the Carpathians on the west to the Pacific on the East, though emphasizing population movements rather than political or military history. Part III sketches briefly the economic history and organization of the Soviet Union after an initial chapter on "the backward economic system under the Tsars." The book, in short, is a *mélange* of different subjects; geography, economics, and history, by a geographer who shows himself far more clearly at home in his own field than in the two other related disciplines.

On the positive side it should be said that a good deal of industry has obviously gone into this book. Though Russian sources are un-

fortunately not cited in this translation, the author has manifestly drawn on them, as well as much literature by French authors whose work is usually *terra incognita* for Soviet affairs specialists writing in English. Professor Jorré has tried hard to be objective. He apparently feels great advances have been made under the Soviet régime but makes it clear that the Soviet people have had to bear great costs as well. The regional economic geography in the second half of the book would serve as a good summary for anyone who wants such information but has not the time to wade through Shabad's classic work.

After these observations, this review must express a sense of disappointment at the volume. The reviewer, an economist, realizes that his judgment is very much influenced by what he feels to be the superficialities and inadequacies of Part III. Here the narrative ends with 1940 for the most part and is largely obsolete, so that one wonders what purpose is served by its republication in 1950. Professor Jorré is not a specialist in Soviet economics and betrays that too often. He takes Soviet statistics at their face value and does not seem to know, for example, of the tricky changes made in Soviet crop reporting practices during the 1930s. His lack of familiarity with the field even leads him to such an egregious misstatement as this: "There is no doubt that as far as mechanization is concerned Soviet agriculture is today quite the equal of the United States if indeed it does not surpass it." Here as elsewhere in the chapter the ambiguous term "today" is not defined so we do not know whether it means 1939, 1948, or

1950. In any possible context, however, the statement is untrue.

Whatever the circumstances which persuaded Professor Jorré to permit translation and publication of his book in English in 1950 without the thorough reworking that the material required, they are to be regretted. There is so much good material here that this reviewer is dismayed by needless blemishes that force a negative overall judgment. The book can only be used cautiously by specialists and should not be given to beginners, the audience for whom it was presumably written.

HARRY SCHWARTZ

Syracuse University

SCHULTZ, LOTHAR. *Russische Rechtsgeschichte von den Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart Einschliesslich des Rechts der Sowjet Union*. Lehr: Moritz Schauenburg, 1951. 340 pp.

Professor Lothar Schultz of the University of Göttingen has succeeded in the difficult task of giving on 340 small but closely printed pages an interesting and comprehensive survey of the development of Russian law from the earliest times to the present day. It is a book written primarily for the jurist, but it will be found most useful to any scholar interested in the history and the present status of Russia. It is divided into five parts, dealing with the Russian principalities before the rise of Moscow; the Moscow Tsardom; the Petersburg absolute monarchy; the brief constitutional monarchy in the twentieth century; and finally the development in the Soviet Union.

Soviet law can not be understood without a through knowledge of the preceding legal development in Russia, and it is therefore gratifying that Professor Schultz allows sufficient space for the detailed discussion of the older codifications and does not overstress modern development as has been frequently done recently. He discusses public and private law, the administration and the courts, and thus fits the development of Russian law into the broader context of the political

and social institutions of the time. The work is based on Russian and Western sources and though its brevity does not allow any long quotations, sufficient space is given, both to the general background and to the individual acts of legislation, to make the work the best available introduction to the history of Russian law. An English translation would be welcome.

HANS KOHN

City College of New York

BOOK NOTICES

The Annals of the Ukrainian Academy of Arts and Sciences in the U. S. Edited by Michael Vetukhiv. Published semi-annually by the Ukrainian Academy (16 East 23d St., N. Y. 10). Single issues, \$1.50; year subscription, \$8.00).

The first two issues contained a dozen articles on various aspects of Ukrainian history, literature, and culture plus "Review Articles" and book reviews. The contributors are, with few exceptions, Ukrainian scholars.

BENNETT, WENDELL C. *Area Studies in American Universities*. New York, Social Science Research Council, 1951. 82 pp.

A report by the Council's Committee on World Area Research. The report is limited to "... the 19 universities known to have organized area programs at the graduate level. ..." The scope is limited and the descriptions do not seem to be entirely accurate in every case.

LOBANOV-ROSTOVSKY, A. *Russia and Asia*. Ann Arbor, The George Wahr Publishing Co., 1951. 342 pp. \$4.00.

The criticisms, pro and con, which were applied to the original edition of this work in 1933 are equally applicable to this revision. There are some minor revisions, but the major change is the up-dating of the final chapter. Professor Lobanov-Rostovsky's book remains the best general survey of the subject.

NEWMAN, BERNARD. *Epics of Espionage*. New York, Philosophical Library, 1951. 270 pp. \$4.50.

Mr. Newman's book is more likely to appeal to readers of detective fiction than to serious students. It is, however, an entertaining account which merits mention here because its four final chapters are on the subject of Soviet espionage.

Novik. A historical, genealogical magazine in the Russian language founded in 1934. Contains many interesting historical articles, genealogies, necrologies, and biographies of Russians throughout the world. Published by the Russian Historical and Genealogical Society in America, Inc. Editor: N. D. Pleshko; subscriptions to be mailed to: S. V. Glad, 3604 Broadway, New York 31, N. Y. Subscription—\$3.00 per year.

Ost-Europa. Zeitschrift für Gegenwartsfragen des Ostens. Edited by Dr. Klaus Mehnert. Published every other month. DM 2.50 per issue; DM 12. per year. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart N, Hospitalstr. 12.

The first issue contained articles on: the Oder-Neisse boundary, Soviet collectives, Hungarian and Soviet literature, and a survey of current events in the USSR and in Eastern Europe. The latter is to be a regular feature.

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

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